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POEMS

Wm. Knowles



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LOS ANGELES



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

Strong head winds have kept her from landing
Till my head is white as the snow—
“There she comes through the foam of the breakers—
She’ll soon be in harbor, I know.”

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM KNOWLES.



INDIANAPOLIS:
CARLON & HOLLENBECK.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1881.

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1881.

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1881



TO MY PATRONS.

"Why were these poems ever written?"
Of course "not meant for publication,"
But because I'm badly smitten
With a rhyming inclination.

"Well, is it right you should indulge it,
And waste your time, and ink, and paper?"
"Aye, there's the rub"—shall I divulge it,
Why I'm cutting such a caper?

Is it for fame? If I could win it,
'T would hardly now be worth the trouble—
I'm old. If there were "millions in it"
'T would *bust*, like every other bubble.

And yet—well, yes, to tell the truth—
I know I should be "awful" glad
To hear my friends exclaim: "Forsooth,
Why, after all, they're not so bad."

Deal gently with me—much I fear
You'll find a woful lack of knowledge;
But let me whisper in your ear:
"Young man, I never went to college."

These stanzas, made of home-spun stuff,
Are fashion'd just as fancy led;
And so I trust, though pretty rough,
With *kind indulgence* they'll be read.

Homer, Ohio, January 1, 1882.

WM. KNOWLES.



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The President's Dream,	1
You and I,	3
"Death to the Union,"	5
What Makes the World Go Round	6
Ten Thousand Men for Maine,	8
Freedom's Lament,	9
What Beyond?	10
The Grey Beards,	11
The Orphans,	12
Investigation,	14
Address to the Ague,	19
Nil Desperandum,	20
When My Ship Comes Home,	21
The Poor the Poor Man's Friend,	23
The Drunkard's Knell,	24
Stanzas,	26
The Power of Music,	29
Betsy and I are One,	30
Lines Suggested by Reading Will Carlton's "Out of the Old House, Nancy, into the New,"	35
Dear Willie,	37
Sympathy,	39
The Last Decade,	39
To William K.,	43
To A. B. C.,	44
Lines Written while Suffering from a Dangerous Accident,	45
Morning,	47
The Conqueror,	48
A Brighter Picture,	50
To My Boy,	53
A New Version of Yankee Doodle,	54
John Brown,	55
The Nearer the Bone the Sweeter the Meat,	57

Six Feet by Two,	58
Sunset,	58
Response to "Sunset,"	59
Lines Written on Board the Steamship Italy,	60
Lines Written on Board the "Wyoming,"	61
"An Old, Old Tale" (Tail?),	62
Sequel to "An Old, Old Tale,"	65
The Flag of Our Fathers,	67
Lines on Hearing a Little Child Exclaim in her Sleep, "Thou, God, Seest Me,"	69
To Maggie,	70
To the Ladies of the Bible Society,	71
On the Death of Miss M. Henthorn,	72
To a Lady,	73
On the Death of Horacé Greeley,	75
Penitential,	76
To Mrs. Susan Morehouse on her Eightieth Birthday,	77
To Mrs. Susan Morehouse on her Eighty-second Birthday,	78
Immortality,	79
"Lay up your Treasures in Heaven,"	80
Farewell,	81
A Vale of Tears,	82
The Battle of Life,	83
Hurrah!	85

CONTRIBUTED POEMS.

The Distressed Highwayman,	87
The Old Farm Spring,	92
Faith,	93
On the Presentation of an Umbrella,	95
"Fear Not, for I am with Thee,"	95
Decoration Day,	96
To Dear Fannie,	97
Whom the Lord Loveth he Chasteneth,	98
Little Things,	99
Guilty or Not Guilty?	101

POEMS.

THE PRESIDENT'S DREAM.

IN a small cottage by the ocean's side
Lies our poor President! The ebbing tide
Of precious life had fallen very low,
And round his couch was silence, gloom and woe.

The dastard—I will not write his name
On the same page with his of glorious fame—
'Twas hell's own agent fir'd the traitor's shot;
Curs'd be his name, and may his mem'ry rot!

But Garfield lies a dying—near his end—
The statesman, patriot, scholar, Christian; friend,
The husband, father, center'd all in one;
The nation's chief, Ohio's favorite son.

Boldly in youth he fought his way to fame;
Meekly he wore his honors when they came;
Bravely he met adversity's shock;
Firmly his faith was resting on that rock

Which earth, nor hell, or time can move,
Assur'd that all is well and God is love.
Yet ere his spirit took its upward flight
To dwell with God in realms of pure delight,

His wand'ring mind once more to Mentor flew,
And each familiar object pass'd in view ;
Dear old homestead ! into every nook
He takes a fond, regretful, lingering look.

His books, his pictures—yes, he sees them all—
Aye, there is Hiram College on the wall ;
But more : lo ! in her old accustom'd chair
His honor'd mother sits with silver'd hair.

With beaming eyes and one great throb of joy
She presses to her heart her noble boy ;
Here is his gentle, faithful, precious wife,
And loving children full of bounding life.

No cares of state come here to mar his bliss,
'T is home, sweet home, brimful of happiness.
Anon he sees the garden, buildings, stock,
His old-time neighbors and his much-priz'd flock.

There are the fields he till'd in days of yore,
He'll take a ramble over them once more ;
The ruling passion strong in death appear'd—
'T was " Nature's voice, and Nature will be heard."

Who can the spirit's wond'rous flight control?
Where is the mystic homestead of the soul?
Is there among the mansions of the blest
A " Mentor " where the weary soul can rest—

Some sweet sequester'd spot call'd home, more dear
Than all God's other splendid buildings there?
I trow there is, but yet 't is hard to tell ;
Our Father knows—enough. Garfield, farewell.

YOU AND I.

You and I, friend A, B, C,
Have known each other twenty years ;
Yes, more than that, 'bout twenty-three,
By mem'ry's record it appears.

Mighty changes time has wrought
Since first we met in Hartford town ;
Many wise plans have come to naught,
Some men gone up, and some come down.

But you and I are grand-dads now ;
Your beard is badly mixed with gray,
And my old pate's as white as snow—
Our lives are flitting fast away.

The world goes round with rapid pace,
More than a thousand miles an hour ;
The hub's well oil'd, all things in place,
Showing consummate skill and power.

Some enterprising Yankee yet
(Should he meet with no disaster),
Will a "darn'd" queer patent get,
To make it spin a little faster.

Well, let the Yankee have his fun,
It matters not to you and I,
We'll take a glance at what's been done
This famous nineteenth century.

Science and art with giant hands
Have given man a jolly boost,
Till like a demi-god he stands,
And old ideas are gone to roost.

Electricity and steam
Annihilating time and space,
Have outstripp'd Phœbus' famous team,
And mixed up half the human race.

China's big front door is open,
And pig-tails swarm in San Francisco ;
Japan's old rusty locks are broken,
And who now wonders that it is so?

Light and knowledge marching on,
Are penetrating every nation,
Blending the human race in one
Almighty, grand conglomeration.

One brotherhood—and you and I
(Mere atoms of the living mass)
Can't conjecture, if we try,
What wonders next will come to pass.

Man is but in his infancy,
And must work out his destiny—
Labor, progress, victory,
“Onward and upward is the cry.”

What glorious themes to write upon ;
Immortal honors will be won,
By future Humes, Macaulays, Gibbons,
As freedom's car rolls grandly on,
And Uncle Sammy holds the ribbons.

"DEATH TO THE UNION."

(TOOMBS.)

"DEATH to the Union!" hear the traitor's cry,
"Death to the Union!" shout the "chivalry,"
"Death to the Union!" southern girls are singing,
"Death to the Union!" thro' the South is ringing.

"Down with the glorious flag our fathers raised,
When freedom's fires in patriots' bosoms blaz'd;
Down with the banner tells of equal right,
And quench the stars on slavery's black night!"

Methinks I see from off their silent beds
Our sleeping heroes raise their wondering heads;
They start—they wake—they rise, and once again
Stand marshall'd on the embattled plain.

The bugle calls—ten thousand swords are flashing;
The rushing squadrons to the front are dashing!
The rifles crack, the thundering cannons roar,
And all the field is steep'd in human gore.

Brother meets brother in the fearful strife,
And nearest kindred take each other's life;
All hell is mov'd—Satan's exulting cry
Mingles with dying groans and shouts of victory.

Is freedom worth this bloody sacrifice?
Must it be bought at this tremendous price?
With widows' bitter tears and orphans' cries,
While pitying angels weep o'er human miseries.

Were it not best to bend the supple knee
 And meekly bow to haughty tyranny?
 To cringe and smile—all opposition cease,
 And humbly beg the blessed boon of peace?

In thunder tones all freemen answer, *No!*
 Not while the earth turns round or waters flow;
 Not till the glorious sun shall cease to rise,
 Or God's own crescent shall adorn the skies.

Know that immortal freedom's priceless gem
 I set forever in the hearts of men;
 Rivers of blood can't quench the sacred flame—
 It glows and burns eternally the same.

Our dauntless heroes ne'er their sires disgrac'd,
 They nobly fought for freedom, won, and plac'd
 The wreath of victory on Columbia's brow;
Curs'd be the trembling coward falters now!

WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND?

ROUND and round from west to east,
 A thousand miles an hour, at least—
 Ever revolving, never at rest
 (Such is the mighty Creator's behest);
 Shrouded in darkness, glowing in light,
 Day alternately following night;
 Summer and winter, springtime and fall,
 Each with its beauties and blessings for all;
 Govern'd by laws immutably wise,
 The wonder of angels, the gem of the skies;
 Well might the seraphs exult at thy birth,
 Beautiful, wonderful, beautiful Earth!

Here stand the mountains, grand and sublime,
Defying the utmost endeavors of time
To crumble them down ;
Their snowy peaks, rising for many a mile,
Look down on the storms in the clouds with a smile.
There rolls the ocean, vast, fathomless, grand,
Its billows forever are lashing the strand—
Eternity's emblem, mysterious sea,
Majestic, omnipotent, boundless and free.
Here rivers, and valleys, and forests are seen,
There the cascade rushes down the ravine ;
O'er the cliff the bright, flashing water is hurl'd—
Magnificent, exquisite, glorious world !

Countless millions of creatures, all good,
Roam through the forest and swim in the flood,
Dance in the sunbeams and creep on the ground—
Everywhere beautiful beings are found.

Beautiful flowers are everywhere growing,
Beautiful water is constantly flowing ;
Musical birds raise their anthems of praise
To the Giver of Life, the Ancient of Days ;
And here is proud man, the lord of the whole,
All earth's creation beneath his control.
Wonderful being ! the image of God,
Enshrin'd in a temple that's made from a clod !
What is his destiny? How came I here?
I know I'm immortal—death I don't fear.
When I'm rebuilt at my spiritual birth,
Shall I revisit thee, beautiful earth ?
I know not, I care not—one thing I know :
My Father is with me wherever I go.
Infinite wisdom is everywhere found,
Infinite love makes the world go round.

TEN THOUSAND MEN FOR MAINE.

“Ho! ten thousand men for Maine”—
The devil has broke loose again!
Freemen, arm, march boldly on;
Down with the tyrant, Garcelon!

Shall our Eastern Star be blotted
Out of heaven by men besotted?
Shall liberty and justice die
While we stand gaping idly by?

Men of Ohio, 'tis *our cause*;
Whoever overrides the laws
Of freedom, strikes a dastard blow
At all, and is our *common foe*.

Dim not the glories of the past—
Our laurels now are fading fast—
Shall our brothers call in vain?
“Ho! ten thousand men for Maine!”

Hark! I hear the drum's long roll
Stirring each freeman's inmost soul:
Hurrah, brave boys! Hurrah again!
“Ten times ten thousand men for Maine!”

FREEDOM'S LAMENT.

SWEET home of my fathers, dear land of the free,
Ah, why did I ride o'er the dark rolling wave?
Why tempt the wild storms of the wide western sea
To find a new home in the land of the slave?

For the high-soaring eagle, the first of his race,
Is fainting and feeble—his pinions are weak;
The owl and the buzzard the hypocrite chase,
And the motto of "Liberty" falls from his beak.

Thy banner is soil'd, its stars are all dimm'd,
And its ominous stripes are all sadly confus'd;
Pale Liberty trembles, her face all begrimed,
For she feels that her name has been badly abus'd.

Indignant she cries, as she points to the west:
"Ah! where are my prairies, once sacred to me,
As beauteous as Eden, the home of the blest,
Ere Adam his Maker's command had transgress'd,
Or Satan exulted, his ruin to see?"

A blast from the north now pierces my frame,
Whose cold icy touch almost freezes my breath;
The south never knew me, but scoffs at my name,
Now loads me with curses and hopes for my death.

Ah, the Mayflower is wither'd—my mission is done;
Sad emblem! I weep when I think of the past;
It warns me, alas! I must quickly be gone,
For there's slavery's poison in every blast."

On the old Rock of Plymouth despairing she stood,
One last look of anguish she cast o'er the land;
A wild cry arose as she plung'd in the flood
Where the free waves of ocean roll over the strand.

WHAT BEYOND?

AYE, what beyond? Time takes its rapid flight;
The day is almost gone, then comes the night.
“What of the night?” Oh faithful watchman, tell!
“What of the night?” Oh, tell me; is it well?
Shall I lie down to peaceful, pleasant dreams,
And wake with joy when the bright morning gleams?
Shall I escape the everlasting curse
When God’s own trumpet shakes the universe?
Shall I with rapture hear the Savior say,
“Well done, my friend;” or be a castaway?
Momentous question! Soul-absorbing thought!
With what tremendous consequences fraught!
Where is the talent trusted to my care?
What is its fruit, if any; tell me where?
What of my stewardship? Alas! alas!
The faulty documents will never pass,
For God’s omniscient eye surveys the whole,
Probes every thought and penetrates the soul.
What shall I do? Where hide my guilty head?
No refuge left; all hope forever fled.
Thanks be to God! a light breaks through the gloom
Whose hallow’d rays my troubled soul illumine.
“*All hail Immanuel!*” mighty Savior, hail!
Thy blood can over all my guilt prevail;
On Thee, on Thee alone is all my trust,
That when this body mingles with the dust
My ransom’d soul will take its upward flight
And dwell with thee in realms of endless light.

THE GRAY-BEARDS.

THE gray-beards met in grave deliberation,
Devising ways to save this mighty nation.
Some measures they debated, and some pass'd,
But none were compar'd in wisdom to the last.
Like learned, smart, good, calculating scholars,
Each biped made a grab and stole five thousand dollars,
And laid it up against a rainy day,
Lest Uncle Sam should squander it away.

In the Good Book a story has been told ;
(If I mistake not), though the tale is old—
Great Pharaoh's servants made a stupid blunder.
The king got mad and gave the scoundrels thunder,
And shut them up in limbo, where, it seems,
The butler and the baker had strange dreams,
Which their dull noddles could not comprehend,
But Joseph told them how the thing would end.
After three days the baker was strung up,
And the free butler once more bore the cup
Fill'd with royal liquor of most luscious flavor,
Which shows that "kissing always goes by favor."

MORAL.

Unlucky rogues are from the gallows swung,
While the chief butlers still remain hung.

THE ORPHANS.

Sister.

COME, sit down beside me, dear brother,
And let me take hold of your hand ;
Let us talk of dear father and mother,
Who have gone to the heavenly land.

Dear father was handsome and strong
Before the bad fever he took ;
What music there was in his song !
How pleasant and kind was his look !

And when his long day's work was done,
He would take us both upon his knee ;
Oh ! didn't we have lots of fun ?
No children so happy as we.

What nice little songs he would sing :
"Goosey Gander" or "Little Tom Horner,"
"Robin put your head under your wing,"
Or help us play "Puss in the Corner."

Mamma would look up from her work—
Try to scold, but would laugh all the while—
Call father a "noisy old Turk,"
Say the neighbors could hear us a mile.

Her eyes were as black as a coal,
And her voice was so gentle and sweet ;
How quick she would mend a big hole,
And rock little Dot with her feet.

Her hair hung in curls and was shiny,
'T was the color of buckeyes, you know ;
Her cheeks 'most as red as a piny,
Her forehead almost white as snow.

And when the old clock had struck seven,
She would have us kneel down by her chair
And say, "Our Father in Heaven,"
Or our other short evening prayer.

Then perhaps she would tell us of Jesus,
Who loved little children so well
That he came down from heaven to save us,
And other nice stories would tell.

But tell me, dear brother, I pray,
If God is so good and so kind,
Why take our dear parents away
And leave us poor children behind?

Oh ! Charley, I'm lonesome and sad ;
There is nobody left now but you.
Poor mother !—I think it's too bad,
And dear little Dot is gone, too.

Brother.

Don't cry, little sister, don't cry—
Come, lay your head down on my shoulder ;
I know you feel bad, so do I,
But then I'm a boy, and am older.

Our Father in heaven *is* kind,
And loves all his children, we know ;
He will shelter his lambs from the wind,
For you know dear mamma told us so.

When they call'd us to kiss her good-bye,
 And her eyes were just closing in death,
 She pointed her hand to the sky
 And smiled as she drew her last breath.

And now she is sleeping with father and Dot,
 And evergreens grow near their tomb;
 We'll plant some sweet flowers all over the spot
 When the snow-drops and violets come.

'Mid the toil and the strife of the battle of life,
 If we're faithful and true, when we die
 We'll be orphans no more, but on Canaan's bright
 shore
 We will meet all our friends by-and-by, by-
 and-by—
 We will meet all our friends by-and-by.

INVESTIGATION.

1876.

I.

COMPATRIOTS all who have at heart
 The welfare of the nation;
 Come lend a hand and bear a part
 In our investigation.

II.

There's rotten in the State,
 A poison in the air,
 Investigate, investigate,
 'Tis stinking everywhere.

III.

At Gotham and at Washington
It makes an awful smell;
Oh, what the deuce is going on?
Can anybody tell?

IV.

Satan's imps are getting frisky,
Out upon a bursting swell,
And it seems that "crooked" whisky's
Coming straight right out of —— well.

V.

If the famous witch of Endor
Were alive again to-day,
Rigg'd in all her pull-back splendor,
Perhaps we might obtain a ray

VI.

Of light from her dark incantation
To aid in our investigation,
And dispel the botheration
Which perplexes all the nation.

VII.

Great Washington is rising now;
I see his form amid the gloom,
A troubled cloud upon his brow,
And in his hand a mighty broom.

VIII.

Straight to the Capitol he's bound,
Woe to the guilty, if they're found,
They'd better stand from under,
For should he catch the scallawags
With Uncle Sammy's money-bags,
He'll give the scoundrels thunder!

IX.

He's quickly purified the house,
And dusted every room ;
And at the door for future use
Hung up his mighty broom.

X.

Now at the White House door he knocks .
He's shaken hands with Blaine,
Nodded to Bristow and to Cox,
And going home again.

XI.

But much he's urg'd to take a ride
And see the mammoth show,
And presently he is inside
The Washington depo'.

XII.

And now he's pulled his wallet out
And counted o'er his dimes ;
Is undecided and in doubt,
And talks about "hard times."

XIII.

He'd like to go, "oh yes, sir-ee,
He'd pretty soon be there,
But can't, unless they will agree,
To take him for half fare."

XIV.

The railroad bosses all look glum,
On every side they view it,
At last to this conclusion come,
And guess'd they'd better do it.

XV.

So now he's seated in the cars,
And all goes very clever;
The people shout along the route
"Brave Washington forever!"

XVI.

The Quaker City soon they gain,
And lo! near all creation
Have tumbled out to see the train
Come thundering to the station.

XVII.

The stars and stripes are everywhere,
The ladies, highfaluting,
Glad shouts of triumph fill the air,
The Continentals shooting.

XVIII.

And now a hundred cannons roar,
A hundred drums are beating;
A hundred towers, with all their powers,
Ring out their joyful greeting.

XIX.

'Tis all "tip top," and now we go
Amid the surging throng,
To see the wond'rous mighty show,
A hundred thousand strong.

XX.

A hundred tongues can not explain
Its grand and matchless glory,
A hundred tomes could not contain
One-half the wond'rous story.

XXI.

Here Europe, Asia, Africa,
Old China and Japan ;
The far-off islands of the sea,
And Brother Jonathan,

XXII.

Have met together and displayed
The wonders wrought by man,
To show what progress art has made
Since time itself began.

XXIII.

Hail to the chief who heroes led,
A hundred years ago ;
Who for their country fought and bled,
And bravely met the foe !

XXIV.

In ecstasy, his heart brimful
Of glowing love, he stands,
And Lafayette and Johnny Bull
With him are shaking hands.

XXV.

For Justice, Faith and Liberty,
All boldly have outspoken,
And may we never live to see
The "three-fold cord" be broken.

XXVI.

But I must stop—to tell it all,
I'd write a thousand stanzas,
Unwind of "yarn" a mighty ball,
Would stretch from Maine to Kansas.

XXVII.

For six whole days, from morn till night
 (Commencing on a Monday),
The good old man enjoyed the sight,
And then, because he knew 'twas right,
 Lock'd up the gates on Sunday.

XXVIII.

My ballad's done, my muse is tir'd,
 I'll lay it on the shelf,
And if a longer yarn's desired,
 Investigate yourself.

ADDRESS TO THE AGUE.

DETESEED offspring of a rotten bog !
 Abhor'd disease ! drawn by the sickening sun
From slimy waters that would choke a dog,
 How does thy cursed venom through me run !

Thou shivering, burning, sweating, yellow fiend,
 With sallow visage and with fetid breath—
An uglier monster never, sure, was yean'd
 Than thou, fell ague—thou, a living death !

The Scottish bard has told of toothache's pangs,
 And well portrayed its sleepless agony ;
But when it sticks its sharpest fangs
Into your jaws with horrid twangs,
 'Tis but a "circumstance" compar'd to thee.

Some smiling dentist will, with giant fist
 (When you get mad and kick the stools about),
 Give, with his instrument, a gentle twist,
 And quickly yank the offending molar out.

But, ah ! I am cold and sick—
 I know too well what 't is the matter—
 Darnation ! you have spoil'd my rhyme,
 But still my teeth will chatter, chat-ter, chat-ter,
c-h-a-t-t-e-r.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

TEN pair of eyes looking for bread,
 Half a score mouths, all to be fed—
 No flour, the meat and potatoes all gone—
 Not a “shot in the locker.” What's to be done?
 Yield to despair, sit down and cry?
Nil desperandum! “Never say die.”
 No butter, no sugar, no, nothing at all—
 Oh, yes, there's some wood, but the pile's very small;
 “Borrow some meal, Maggie; make us some mush—
 Come to the fire, children; little ones, hush!
 There's some coffee, though, left; by Aaron and Moses
 We'll have some hot coffee to warm our cold noses!
 Here comes the meal, and the water is hot;
 Stir plenty in, wife—make a good lot;
 Go, little daughter, and bring me the books—
 We'll have family worship while the meal cooks.

“The sixth chapter of Mark is what I have read;
 With two little fishes and five loaves of bread,
 Now tell me, my children, how many were fed?
 ‘Five thousand,’ you answer me, all in a chorus,

And the same mighty Savior is still watching o'er us.
Turn to the hymn, wife—you know where the page is,
But I guess we *all* know it; we'll sing 'Rock of Ages,'
Then spend a few minutes in prayer and thanksgiving
To God that we're still in the land of the living.

"Now for the breakfast—there's plenty for all;
I'll step to the door, I hear somebody call.
—— Some work to be done, and 'tis wanted right
soon;
Hurrah! we'll have a whole collar by noon;
Never fear, little wife, we shall see better days—
I wouldn't change places with President Hayes:
We're healthy and happy, although we are poor;
Nil desperandum! God's promise is sure."

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

I'm building a splendid castle,
With marble walls and dome;
'Twill be finish'd in the summer,
When my ship comes home.

I'll have beautiful statues and paintings,
From famous old Greece and Rome,
And costly carpets and mirrors,
When my ship comes home.

I'll have a grand old library,
With many a rare old tome,
Where I can feast with the muses,
When my ship comes home.

When My Ship Comes Home.

I'll have enchanting gardens,
Where beauty delights to roam,
With flowers, and fountains, and grottoes,
When my ship comes home.

I'll have carriages, horses, and servants,
Who all at my bidding will come ;
I'll have pastures for sheep and for cattle,
When my ship comes home.

The good ship Phantom sail'd
Full fifty years ago ;
My old friend Hope is the captain ;
She'll soon be home, I know.

She has frequently doubled the cape,
Where the wild hurricanes blow ;
Her crew are all brave and light-hearted ;
She will soon be in harbor, I know.

She is freighted with untold treasure ;
A rainbow is spanning her brow ;
She has been gallantly plowing the ocean,
And is homeward bound ere now.

Strong head winds have kept her from landing,
Till my head is as white as the snow ;
There she comes through the foam of the
breakers !
She will soon be in harbor, I know.

What hosts of kind friends then will meet me,
Beneath my magnificent dome ;
And beauty will smile as she greets me
When my wonderful ship comes home.

The needy shall feast on my bounty,
The wolf fly from every door ;
There shall not be a tear in the county,
I'll be rich in the prayers of the poor.

Oh, Fancy, thou friend of the beggar !
On thy wings let me soar as I sing ;
And though poor as Job's bony old turkey,
I'm happier than many a king.

THE POOR, THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND:

Who is the poor man's dearest friend
When the dark hours of sorrow come,
And want and sickness both attend,
Like haunting fiends, his humble home?

Too oft the rich, with haughty scorn
Or cold indifference, pass him by,
Regardless of his state forlorn—
His helpless, hopeless poverty.

The business man, whose only thought
Is to add something to his store,
Has neither heart or time for aught
But Mammon's worship—nothing more.

The gay, voluptuous, giddy throng
Who madly follow pleasure's maze,
What heed they, as they float along
'Mid mirth and music, dance and song,
The woes that curse the poor man's days?

Alas ! full oft the saintly priest,
 In fashion's garb and mien of pride,
 Shuns the poor home of the distress'd,
 And passes on the other side.

Not so did He who came to save,
 Whose potent voice could wake the dead ;
 He sadly wept at Lazarus' grave,
 But had not where to lay his head.

Mistake me not—I do not mean
 That *all* the rich are hard of heart ;
 Many the God-like men, I ween,
 Who act a noble, Christian part.

But *brothers in adversity*
 Freely an open palm extend ;
 Their souls will melt in sympathy :
The poor are aye the poor man's friend.

THE DRUNKARD'S KNELL.

'Tis sad to hear the passing bell
 When infant life is fled,
 And the sweet, budding, opening flower
 Lies number'd with the dead.

But comfort to the mother's heart
 In Christ's own words is given ;
 She knows her darling, precious babe
 Is gone to rest in heaven.

'Tis sad to hear the passing bell
 When youth and beauty fall,
 And the high-fed worm on the damask cheek
 Is holding carnival.

But youth devoted to the Lord
In glory shall arise,
And with fresh beauty bloom again,
Transplanted to the skies.

But, oh! what sorrow wrings the heart
When tolls the passing bell,
Noting the *ruin of a soul*,
As rings the *drunkard's knell*!

How brief and vile his mad career,
By stormy passions toss'd;
His troubled soul goes down to death,
Helpless, abandon'd, lost!

Soon will the slow procession move
Into the house of God;
The bearers, near the altar rails,
Put down their *loathsome load*.

Strange solemn silence reigns o'er all;
(The audience sit apart)
No voice is heard, but choking sobs
Come from the widow's heart.

And now the preacher takes his stand
With calm but troubled look;
With trembling hand he turns the leaves—
A tear bedews the book.

Too well he knows there is no text
In all God's holy word
That to the stricken friends around
Much comfort can afford.

With faltering voice he reads and prays,
A funeral hymn is sung—
The notes were solemn, broken, low—
Heaven's harps seem all unstrung.

The sermon follows—painful task—
 Some general truths presented:
 “Death comes to all, and pardon, too,
 To all who have repented.”

He dwells on charity—not much
 On faith and hope is said;
 No eulogy he dare pronounce—
He can not bless the dead.

Open the coffin—gaze once more,
 Fond mother, on thy boy;
 Father, approach—that bloated form
 Was once thy pride and joy.

Poor wife and children! Close the lid,
 Again take up the bier;
 The last sad rites close at the grave;
 There drop the parting tear.

Hark! once more the measured notes
 Fall from the tolling bell—
 The saddest sound that's heard on earth
 Is the poor drunkard's knell!

STANZAS.

SEE the bright sun! the shades of night
 Fly trembling from his rising beams;
 The dew-drops melt in liquid light,
 Which from the golden orient streams.

Gaily he mounts the azure sky,
 Effulgent glory marks his way;
 Proudly he bears himself on high,
 Triumphant monarch of the day.

But as he reach'd his "highest noon,"
Exulting in his brightest blaze,
A cloud appeared, which soon, too soon,
Obscur'd the glory of his rays.

Increasing darkness now deforms
The scene, so beautiful before ;
The troubled sky is fill'd with storms ;
Now lightnings flash and thunders roar.

Alone, around, confusion reigns ;
Destruction 'mid the uproar flies—
No sun now shines upon the plains,
But still o'erwhelming tempests rise.

Thus 'tis with man—his infant days
Are calm and bright, and full of joy ;
No cares distract, no fears amaze
The heedless, artless, happy boy.

Approaching now to manhood's pride,
His golden hopes and joys increase ;
Nor dreams he yet of aught beside
A life of happiness and peace.

But ere he's reach'd the noon of life,
How chang'd the scene ! The gloomy clouds
Of care and sorrow, pain and strife,
Fast rising—soon his glory shrouds.

Where now his halcyon early days ?
Where now, fond man ; ah, where are fled
Those youthful hopes, where dazzling rays
Shone like a meteor o'er thy head ?

Yes, like the meteor's light they shone,
And fill'd his soul with prospects fair ;
Soon, like its transient blaze, are gone,
And naught is left save wild despair.

“Oh, why has God created man,
And dipp'd his infant soul in joy ;
Then, ere half his course is run,
Bid gloomy storms his bliss destroy?”

More had my tongue blasphemed—but now
A horrid crash of thunder peal'd ;
Shudd'ring, I rais'd my eyes, when lo !
A glorious vision I beheld.

Erect, upon the mystic bow
Appear'd a bright, celestial form ;
Awful, but yet serene his brow,
Riding majestic o'er the storm.

“What! Shall vile breathing dust,” he said,
“Arraign the Sovereign of the world?
Mortal, forbear! lest on thy head
The bolts of vengeance should be hurl'd!

“Know the decrees of God are just,
Though far above thy feeble sight,
His power adore, his goodness trust ;
Then shall thy soul be filled with light.”

“This wond'rous arch—the sacred sign
Of God's eternal covenant,
He placed in Heaven with love divine,
To cheer earth's poor inhabitant.”

Entranc'd I heard, with rapture gaz'd,
When, bursting full upon my sight,
The sun in all his splendor blaz'd,
The vision fled—*dissolved in light!*

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

WHEN fabled Orpheus touch'd his golden lyre,
Nature, enchanted, heard the thrilling sound ;
Through every nerve she felt the sacred fire—
It rose to heaven above, it pierc'd the depths profound.

E'en tortur'd demons half forgot their woe,
Grim Pluto smil'd and gave him back his love ;
Th' Elysian Fields in richer beauty glow,
And bliss before unknown fill'd the blest courts above.

Th' exulting earth rolls on its joyous course ;
Rocks, trees and mountains from their bases rise ;
The foaming floods forsake their secret source
And fling their sparkling splendors to the skies.

The shaggy lion and the grizzly bear,
Meek as the gentle lamb, are fear'd no more ;
The wily serpent lends a list'ning ear,
Disarm'd by music's fascinating power.

When Israel's king with devils was possess'd,
Who o'er his spirit held their dark control,
Young David's harp could charm his grief to rest
And pour new light and joy into his soul.

Hark ! " Hail, Columbia " floats along the vale
And wakes in every breast the patriot's fire,
And the " Star-spangled Banner " tells a tale
That bids the soul to noble deeds aspire.

How sweet, at eve, when man's rough toil is o'er,
And twilight bids the hum of business cease,
To yield the soul to music's mellow'd power
And soothe th' excited passions into peace !

Ye fair, to whom kind Providence has given
The skillful hand and soft, melodious voice—
Whose magic power can raise the soul to heaven
And teach the wounded spirit to rejoice—

Sing some sweet melody that tells of love,
And “Home, Sweet Home,” with all its tender joys;
Oh! touch a chord that lifts the soul above
The heartless world and all its senseless noise.

In grateful strains the harmony prolong—
Attune your hearts and touch the sweetest string;
Raise high your voices in the sacred song,
And upward soar upon Devotion’s wing.

Hark! Angels join the swelling tide of praise—
Each rolling sphere returns the joyful sound;
The “Sons of God” unite with men to raise
The lofty hymn that floats the universe around.

Oh! when at last I rest my weary head,
And God to Death has his dread mandate given,
Celestial minstrels then surround my bed,
And bear my soul, entranc’d in sound, to heaven.

BETSY AND I ARE ONE.

(SEQUEL TO WILL CARLETON’S “BETSY AND I ARE OUT.”)

“Hold your horses, lawyer, I’ve brought your paper
back,”

“Betsy and I’ve agreed to take another tack.”

Well; what d’ye whistle for, and look so like a Jew?
Darn’d if I care if you do laugh, for I can whistle, too.

I'll tell you how it came about ; when parting time drew
near,
And everything was settled, we both felt mighty queer ;
I hitch'd my horse up to your post, but the critter had broke
loose ;
When I got home 'twas dinner time ; Betsy had "cook'd
a goose."

The table-cloth was clean and white, the silver spoons were
there,
Preserves were on the table, too, and her best chany ware ;
'Twas the last dinner we should eat under the old roof tree ;
We'd been together thirty years, and now we couldn't agree.

I look'd at Betsy—she had on the very gown she wore
Our wedding day (she'd kept it nice) some thirty years be-
fore—
A faded ribbon bound her hair, but still it looked befitin',
I gave it her that very day the lawyer got the mitten.

She turn'd me out a cup of tea, but neither of us spoke ;
I couldn't eat a single bit, but felt as though I'd choke.
I handed her a piece of goose and pass'd the plate of bread,
But Betsy had no appetite, and only shook her head.

The dinner was not touched at all, for Bub had gone to
school ;
I felt right glad he was not there to see us *play the fool*.
I took my hat—the dog looked up, but let me go alone ;
He *smelt the goose* and wonder'd why he didn't get a bone.

I wander'd over every field and fixed the gates up tight ;
I didn't mean to have it said the place was not left right.
I counted over all the sheep and salted all the stock,
Then look'd into the smoke-house and mended up the lock.

Next, I redde'd up the barn and look'd the harness over ;
I rubb'd the horses down right clean and gave them corn
and clover.

By this time Bub was home from school, and bade me come
to tea,

But I sent word to Betsy "not to wait for me."

I call'd upon the 'squire, as previously agreed,
To come down in the morn'ing and see us sign the deed.
When I got back 'twas pretty late, the chores had all been
done ;

Betsy and Bub were gone to bed and I was left alone.

I didn't feel quite satisfied that I was doing right,
But felt too proud and spunky to give it up to-night.
I went to bed, but 'twas no use, I couldn't help but think ;
And turn'd and toss'd and roll'd about, but couldn't sleep
a wink.

I thought upon the pleasant days we had when first we
married,

And wonder'd how it came about that we had so miscarried.
How day and night, when I was sick, Betsy was at my bed ;
How tenderly she nurs'd me, what soothing words she said,
And turn'd away to hide her tears, and bath'd my aching
head.

I thought how proud I once had felt when walking at her
side,

And how we comforted each other *when the baby died*.

I felt as hot as pepper and my heart set up a throbbing,
I heard a noise, and listened—*Betsy was a sobbing!*

I felt a tear roll down my face—the day was just a break-
ing ;

I got right up and look'd abroad ; all nature was awaking ;
The birds were twitt'ring in the trees, a haze was on the
river,

And everything I gaz'd upon look'd beautiful as ever.

I wished we both could *live there still, but 'twas no use a trying,*

We'd often tried, and tried in vain, to stop our argufying.
I fed the horses, did the chores, and run the buggy out,
And when I saw the smoke ascend, knew Betsy was about.

I call'd to Bub to bring the grease—he star'd with all his might—

“Why, daddy, don't you know,” he said, “we greas'd the wheels last night.”

And so we had, but I forgot; my head was almost craz'd;
Our boy, who is a bright, smart lad, look'd puzzl'd and amaz'd.

I told him I was going away—to be a right good boy.

“Where are you going to, dad?” says he; says I “to Illinois.”

“Breakfast is ready!” Betsy call'd, and I was ready, too,
To hang, or drown, or shoot myself, I felt so *awful blue*.

I could not tell, to save my life, when I shut up the barn,
Which way the world was going 'round, and *didn't care a darn*.

We both went in—my Sunday clothes I saw upon a chair,
All ready, nicely brushed and cleaned—Betsy had put them there,

And on them laid a bunch of flowers, *tied with a lock of hair*.

The parlor door was left ajar—it didn't shut with ease;
There, as I caught a glance within, *was Betsy on her knees*.
I heard her ask forgiveness for the hasty words we'd said;
That God would bless our boy and pour his blessings on
my head.

And then she hid her face and wept ; again she prayed and
sighed ;

I couldn't stand it longer, but *knelt down by her side.*

And as we pray'd, and kissed, and vowed, *ever in love to
dwell,*

What perfect peace and joy we felt, no mortal tongue can
tell.

And so instead of going off upon the railroad track,

I clapp'd the saddle on the mare and brought your papers
back.

“Wont the neighbors laugh,” say you ; “be hang'd if I
can tell,”

But as for Mrs. Grundy—why let her go to h—!

I didn't mean to swear, lawyer ; 'tis the first time in my
life ;

But when neighbors will be meddling and stir up foolish
strife,

And blów the flame that's kindling to part a man and wife,
Till the heart is full of bitterness and you feel as though
you'd *bust,*

They're taking part with Satan, and surely will be cuss'd!

Come up to dinner, lawyer, and bring your wife along ;

We'll have a joyful gathering and right up every wrong.

The crops are looking finely ; we're having splendid
weather ;

My heart's brimful of happiness, I'm lightsome as a feather.

Betsy and I will gaily sing as down life's hill we go,

“We'll sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.”

So burn the papers, lawyer, our argufying's done,

Come weal or woe, in life or death, *Betsy and I are one.*

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING WILL. CARLTON'S "OUT OF THE
OLD HOUSE, NANCY, INTO THE NEW."

"OUT of the old house into the new"—
Aye, never were spoken words more true,
For the prince and the peasant, the high and
the low,
All must out of their dwellings go.
Some are tenants a single day—
Are permitted to enter, but not to stay;
On angels' wings they take their flight,
And live in palaces of light.
Some remain a few short years
'Mid storm and sunshine, hopes and fears:
The Landlord bids, they haste away
From their frail tenements of clay.
Others for four-score years possess
A dwelling in this wilderness—
The underpinning at length gives way,
The joists and studding go to decay;
The plaster has fallen from the walls,
Dreary and desolate are the halls;
The windows are dim, and the thatch is gone,
And the poor old building stands alone.
Friend, you must leave ere the sun is set,
Though you fondly would linger a little yet.
Aye, all must go, a motley crew,
"Out of the old house into the new."
Who can the spirit's flight control?
Where is the homestead of the soul?

What are its wants along the road?
How will it furnish its new abode?
No earthly compass can point the way,
No earthly staff can be its stay.
All our dearest earthly treasures,
All our sweetest earthly pleasures;
Honor, and fame, and wealth, and power—
All must be left in that dread hour
When Asrael bears the soul away
From its lov'd tenement of clay.
Yet, if thou hast been good and true,
Fear not, there is a home for you
In those bright palaces above,
Where all is harmony and love.
No moth devours, no rust corrodes,
In those celestial blest abodes;
There care and sorrow enter not,
And the woes of earth are all forgot.
On wings of faith the soul shall rise
And claim a mansion in the skies;
Hope shall its full fruition find,
And charity to all mankind
(Bright pattern of the eternal mind);
Those heavenly guests who made their stay
In thy dwelling-house of clay—
The sweet companions of thy way
While on earth thy footsteps trod—
Shall guide thee to thy blest abode
In the Paradise of God.

DEAR WILLIE.

AND is thy gentle spirit fled,
Dear little Willie? Art thou dead?
Must I no more behold my boy—
His father's hope, his father's joy?
No more thy little nimble feet
Make haste to meet me on the street?
No more thine arms my neck entwine—
Thy little cheek be press'd to mine?
No more the plaintive voice I hear:
“Father, I love you—lie down here.”

Oh! I would lay me by thy side,
Sweet child, for thee I would have died.
Death, did'st thou not mistake thy mark—
Thy fatal shaft launch in the dark,
When last thy poison'd arrow came
And pierc'd my child and I remain?
Must the green young plant be taken,
And the old tree, which storms have shaken,
Still rear its head amid the wood,
A branchless trunk? Say, is it good—
Oh! is it wise, or just, or right,
Fell tyrant, thus to shew thy might?

The “bud of promise” must thou have
To lie beside his mother's grave?
Oh! that my soul could understand
Why the Almighty's dread command
Sent the “Pale Archer” to destroy
My fondest hopes and take my boy!

Would that to some blest saint in heaven
The kind permission were but given
To lift the veil and tell me why,
Dear Willie, thou wert doom'd to die.

A sweet, soft voice salutes my ear :
“ Oh ! William, grieve not ; he is here
With me in heaven—here to dwell
In bliss forever. It is well.”
In soft response, I hear an infant voice :
“ Father, my happy spirit does rejoice
In God, my Savior ; here I dwell,
Where pain and death are not, and all is well.”

Then be it so ; great God, thy power and love
I own,
And prostrate bow before thine awful throne.
When the black storm is bursting on my head,
And all my dearest earthly joys are fled—
Wife, children, mingled with the silent dead—
Low in the dust my helpless soul I fling,
And of thy mercy venture still to sing.
Though sick at heart, yet sweet hope remains,
For Death is conquer'd where Messiah reigns.
Thanks be to God, though I my loss deplore,
Death must at last my stolen jewels restore.
Upheld by faith in thine eternal Son,
Submissive I adore—my God, *thy will be done.*

SYMPATHY.

OH! sympathy—resistless force!
Tell me from what mysterious source
Proceeds thy magic power?
Surely thou did'st descend from heaven,
The dearest boon to mortals given
In sorrow's dismal hour.

When life is joyous, sweet and bright,
And all the soul is steep'd in light,
Thou dost thy power impart—
Giv'st perfect bliss without alloy;
Enchantress, double all our joy—
With rapturé fill the heart.

THE LAST DECADE.

THE last decade, the last decade! Well, let it come,
A little more of earth, and then, I'm home.
Yes, three score years and ten; that is the span
Which God in wisdom has allotted man:
Enough to taste of all the joys of earth;
Enough to fit him for his heavenly birth,
And plume his pinions for a higher flight,
To soar aloft 'mid fields of endless light.
But can it be that sixty years have pass'd
Since I was born? Is this the last
Decade of earthly care and joy?

Why, 'twas but yesterday I was a boy,
Drinking the bliss which buoyant childhood yields;
Chasing the butterflies o'er flowery fields,
Finding the earliest violets of the Spring;
Or with my comrades at the rustic swing
'Neath the old apple tree, whose blossoms shed
A mimic snow-storm on my hatless head;
Hunting for eggs in each sequester'd nook,
Or building tiny mill-dams at the brook;
Splashing the sparkling waters all around,
A merrier urchin rarely could be found.
Each season had its own time-honor'd sport,
And what is strange the days were not so short
As they are now.

The golden sun hung longer in the west,
Ere 'mid the gorgeous clouds he sunk to rest.
Time trudg'd along—childhood and youth were gone,
And then at length I numbered twenty-one.
Proud manhood's date—what lofty things
Now would take place, in my imaginings.
What piles of wealth I would accumulate,
And be renown'd among the good and great!
What patriot fire glow'd in my ardent breast;
How would I raise the lowly and oppress'd;
Should haughty tyranny o'erride the laws,
Or spurn the poor man and his righteous cause,
And faithlessly betray a people's trust,
How quickly should the despot bite the dust.
To face her foes, should e'er my country call,
How glorious in my country's cause to fall.
Poetic fancies floated through my brain;
What honor would it be could I obtain
A hundredth part of Milton's glorious fame,
And thus immortalize my humble name?
Oft have I wander'd o'er the *dear old farm*,

And as I gaz'd on every varied charm
Which nature's bounteous hand had strewn around
(*No spot so dear—to me 'twas holy ground*),
With sympathy my soul was all a-glowing,
Heart full of rapture, eyes with tears o'erflowing;
Ecstatic feelings! sweet, but undefin'd—
In love with Nature, God, and all mankind.
When twilight softly stole upon the scene,
And mingled into one each shade of green,
Slowly I took the homeward path along,
Enchanted by the nightingale's sweet song.
But I am garrulous—farewell, farewell,
My native fields, dearer than tongue can tell.
Then, urg'd by fate, I cross'd the rolling sea,
And dwelt in this fair "land of liberty;"
I mingled in the busy haunts of men,
In hopes the "almighty dollar" to obtain;
In vain—Miss-fortune (saucy jade)
Has me her favorite football made.
How strangely mutable are earthly things!
Riches, 'tis truly said, make their own wings
And fly away. It is not wise
To build on anything below the skies.
My fondest, fairest, youthful hopes now seem
The wild illusions of a morning dream.
What have I done the last half century?
How reads my record in the Omniscient eye?
How can I bear the awful scrutiny?
What precious years to sinful waste have run?
What duties half perform'd or not begun?
What errors and what follies mar the page,
Blotting the record, even to old age?
And time, regardless of man's earnest cry
To stay his pace, mocks as he rushes by.
See how his flaming chariot cleaves the sky.

Then what remains? The past is gone forever ;
 Soon shall I ford death's dark, rolling river.

Nil desperandum! Onward let me press

With double diligence, and win success.

I have souls to train ; I have debts to pay ;

I have bread to win from day to day.

I must gather the blossoms ere they fade,

Work! (for I see the evening's shade)

Ere my bed in the "narrow house" be made ;

Hurrah ! hurrah, *for the last decade!*

TO WILLIAM K—.

FRIEND WILLIAM, I have read your earnest words,
 Written while looking down the steep decline
 To where the western sky scarce hides from view
 The golden gates that will ere long swing back
 To give you entrance to a better land.

And I can well believe, however much
 Of all the past seems like a fruitless task,
 That there awaits you, when life's work is done,
 Such riches as the world can never buy.

Honor, and wealth, and ease, these objects all
 Of man's ambition, and, though seldom won,
 Less seldom yield such pleasure as our hopes
 Portray. The highest, purest joys of earth
 Are not reveal'd to gaze of curious eyes
 By any flimsy trappings pride employs,
 And are known only to the loyal few—
 They may be sons of poverty and toil—

Who stand down close beside their fellow men
 And feel the throbbings of their aching hearts.

Your way has been along the lowly vale,

Your burdens such as few have borne, and yet
Your couch, though made of straw, is softer far
Than eider-down when purchased at the price
Of unrequited toil. Your coat, threadbare
For years, is still more fitting than the robes
That royalty puts on by trampling down
The poor. The plain gray frock worn by your wife
Is more becoming to the pure in heart
Than India's fairest silks to her who wears
Them at a price—ah, fearful cost!—
That sends both soul and body down to hell.
I've stood, friend William, in the halls of fame;
I know how mad and sad ambition is;
I know how hollow and profane the hearts
Of those who worship at the shrine of wealth;
I know the silly-minded butterflies
Who trick themselves in fashion's gaudy guise;
I know—saddest of all, if possible—
The solemn-visaged crew who serve the Lord
One day in seven to rob the toiling poor
The other six; and I would rather walk,
Clasped hand-in-hand, with her who loves me most,
The lowly path trod by the Nazarine,
Lending a helping hand to those in want,
With kindly sympathy for all who mourn,
And share the unbought honors of their love,
Than idly wear the regal crown of kings
And hear the hollow plaudits of a world.
'Tis only feebly, as I do confess,
That I have held the faith the fathers taught;
I'm sick of ceremonials and creeds,
Of craft, and cant, and smooth hypocrisies;
Of finely-cushioned pews, prepared for saints,
Carpeted aisles where rough feet never tread.
Let those whose wish it is set this much down

Against my name for condemnation. You,
 Who know me well, will clasp my open palm,
 Nor fear contamination at the touch ;
 And if your faith is larger grown than mine—
 If, guided by the crescent or the cross,
 You find a higher, nobler work to do—
 Still you will hold in glad remembrance one
 Who shared the sorrows of his fellow men,
 And kept a loyal heart for all his friends.

A. B. C.

TO A. B. C.

THANKS for your kindly greeting, A. B. C.
 If aught on earth can cheer the path of life,
 'Tis surely sacred friendship's sympathy,
 And the rich treasure of a bonnie wife.

True that I tread the low, sequestered vale,
 And dark and stormy sometimes is the way ;
 Yet oftentimes music floats upon the gale,
 And flowers still blossom, though my footsteps stray.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,” but men abhor the
 nauseous, bitter cup ;
 Nature recoils, and would not take a sup,
 But quaffs with eager lip and sparkling eye
 The golden bowl of fair prosperity.

“There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
 Rough hew them as we may” (thus writes the bard),
 But wickedness to woe and ruin tends,
 And virtue ever is its own reward.

If we but take the straight and narrow way,
It matters very little how we travel ;
You in a gilded coach with trappings gay,
And prancing horses tearing up the gravel ;
I, in my one-horse wagon, made to carry
Brooms to market, *walloping old Harry*.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SUFFERING FROM A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT.

FATHER, I lift my soul to Thee,
Oh hear my humble cry !
Thou only know'st my destiny,
'Tis *now* to live or die.

Oh gracious God, for full forty years
My life thou hast preserved,
Through countless storms of trials, cares,
What mercy undeserved.

With open shears see Asrael stand
To part life's feeble thread ;
But thy command can stay his hand,
Or call me from the dead.

The Spirit Land is full in sight—
What glories I behold !
What hosts of beings rob'd in white,
With crowns of shining gold.

Farther than mortal eye can reach
O'er the celestial lands,
Innumerable armies stretch—
God's own victorious bands.

And oh, how light, intensely light,
Around your lofty throne,
Where high in glory and in might,
Sits God's beloved Son.

Now victor palms are waving high,
Now swells the heavenly minstrelsy,
Each ravish'd soul in ecstasy,
Proclaims the *Savior's victory*.

What *dear lov'd* forms are those I view?
What voices do I hear?
My *wife*, my *babes*, dear *Willie*, too,
With soft and curling hair ;

As when on earth with smiles so sweet,
He seems in haste to come,
With outstretch'd arms and nimble feet,
To *welcome father home*.

That angel form in accents mild
Exclaims, "Not yet, my son,
Yet wait awhile, my darling child,
His work is not yet done.

Thy sisters and thy brother still
Require a parent's care,
To teach them God's most holy will
And guide their footsteps *here*."

Father, enough! No more I ask
(Nor more can well be given),
Than when I have perform'd my task,
To find a *home in heaven*.

MORNING.

SHRILL chanticleer proclaims the approach of day,
And Oberon's band have ceas'd their fairy dance ;
The glimmering stars are fading fast away,
And hide their heads at mighty Sol's advance.

On tip-toe 'twixt the mountain and the sky,
The blushing morn now meets her glorious Lord,
He comes supreme in beauteous majesty,
And light and music all around are pour'd.

Now from the leafy groves and dewy fields
Ten thousand grateful notes of praise arise ;
Nature awake its joyful tribute yields
To Him who made the earth, the sea, the skies.

Wake, lordly man—ye sons of labor, wake,
With vig'rous arms resume your toils again ;
“ Shake off dull sloth,” as the strong lions shake
The sparkling dew-drops from their shaggy mane.

Awake, ye fair, your drowsy couch forsake ;
Pure as a virgin's soul is morn's sweet breath—
Soft as a maiden's sigh from yonder lake,
The blue mist rising forms a graceful wreath,
And half reveals the crystal wave beneath.

Wake helpless infancy and feeble age
(Types of the opening and the closing day),
And as the sun illumines fair nature's page,
Your grateful tribute to its Author pay.

Each opening day new life and joy imparts ;
His love, His truth, His bounties never fail ;
Receive the incense of our grateful hearts,
God of the morning ; great Creator, hail !

THE CONQUEROR.

YES, the dread "Conqueror" is come,
Not with trumpet, sword, or drum ;
Not with banners waving high,
Not with shouts that rend the sky,

Proclaiming glorious victory ;
Not with martial plume and pride,
Heroes and princes by his side,
While gazing crowds still raise the cry
(Aw'd by the lightning of his eye) :

"Ride on in all thy chivalry,
Thou son of fame, triumphantly !"
Not in regal pomp and state,
Followed by the rich and great,
Nor in statesman's borrow'd power,
Holding his office by the hour,
Or crown'd with wit or learning's bays,
Or poet's or musician's praise—

Thou heedest not the voice of fame,
Thou carest not for scorn or shame—
Thou tramplest on the crowns of kings
Amid thy saucy revelings ;

The proud, the valiant, and the wise
Are but thy common sacrifice.

The priest, the sage, the young, the gay ;
At thy approach their homage pay ;
So, all men shudder at thy power,
Indomitable conqueror !

E'en beauty's self, whose beaming eye
Fills the lov'd youth with ecstasy,
Whose faultless form and glowing charms

The coldest heart with rapture warms.
With soul exalted, pure, refin'd,
Good, generous, holy, gentle, kind
(Bright pattern of the eternal mind),
Whose power is felt by all mankind—
She, when thou wav'st thy ebon wand,
Falls prostrate at thy stern command.
No more the muse shall sing of thee,
Conqueror, void of clemency ;
No flowers shall strew the victor's path
Who comes in cruelty and wrath ;
No garland shall adorn his head
Whose name fills every heart with dread.
Yet ere the tyrant's kindling rage
O'ertake thee in thy pilgrimage,
Haste ! weave a wreath his brow to bind—
The common foe of all mankind—
The nightshade and the hemlock twine
With every poisonous, withering vine ;
With widows' tears and orphans' cries,
With blighted hopes, and fears, and sighs,
And all life's broken sympathies.
Hated Conqueror ! take the wreath—
It fits thee well, *thou monster !* Death !

A BRIGHTER PICTURE.

(SUGGESTED BY READING CARLTON'S "OVER THE HILLS TO THE
POOR-HOUSE.")

"OVER the hills to the poor-house"
Is a libel on our race—
A picture far too wicked
For the poet's pen to trace.

Alas! poor human nature
Is bad enough, I know,
And many's the wrong committed,
As over the hills we go.

We'll paint another picture—
Look on the other side:
See loving sons and daughters,
A poor old mother's pride;

Nancy, and Jane, and burly John,
Stand by the widow's chair,
And black-eyed Sue, with her two boys,
And Tom and Ben are there.

The funeral scene has just been closed—
"Father" has left the stage;
He played his part right manfully,
And reach'd Barzillia's age.

Now, as the homestead must be sold,
Commenc'd a loving strife,
And John, the oldest, claim'd the right
To take her home for life.

But Tom, and Ben, and Nancy, too,
Exclaim'd, "that should not be,"
And black-eyed Sue and Jane declar'd
They'd rights as well as he.

'Mid showers of tears a beaming smile
Lights up the widow's eyes,
And, as she half forgets her woe,
In tones of love she cries :

"God bless you all ! may heaven's best gifts
Descend on every head ;
God bless you all, my children, dear,
The living and the dead."

By turns I'll spend with each of you,
My days that are to come,
For well I know there is for me
In all your hearts a home.

And so 'twas fixed ; "poor mother" went
To live with John a "spell ;"
Nancy and Jane then had their turn,
Then Sue, at "Hazel Dell."

Benoni was a bachelor,
And pass'd his days with Tom ;
"She must stay there a longer time,
For they were two to one."

The children counted on the time
When "grandma" would be there,
And when she came, lugg'd out with glee
The parlor rocking-chair.

What lots of cunning little socks
Came out of grandma's bag ;
How nice they are, and wond'rously
They fit each little leg.

A Brighter Picture.

And there's a bigger pair for Ben,
Some "taffy" and a dolly.
"Just look, mamma; look, Uncle Ben;
Oh goodee, aint it jolly!"

Thus peacefully she pass'd her days,
Nor dreamt of growing old;
For though her sun on earth was set,
The sky was ting'd with gold.

And so the good old lady liv'd
Her childhood o'er again,
'Till seven more years were added
To her three score years and ten.

Then Asrael came and bore her off
Beneath his sable wing,
To dwell in that bright, happy land
Where saints with angels sing.

And now the mournful funeral group
The poor remains must leave,
And tiny hands will plant sweet flowers
Around dear grandma's grave.

'Tis well—oh! "Young America!"
Take heed to God's command:
"Honor thy parents, that thy days
Be long in this fair land."

And when th' allotted time on earth
Thy pilgrim feet have trod,
There'll be a happy gathering
In the Paradise of God.

TO MY BOY.

THE world is not a Paradise,
Though flowers are strewn around,
For sin and death have entered here,
And sighs and tears abound.

The world is not a wilderness,
Though thorns and weeds are found,
For Christ hath lived and died on earth,
And lo ! *'t is holy ground.*

“ Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,”
Bareheaded walk, with trembling joy ;
In love thy fellow pilgrims greet,
In kindly deeds thy hands employ.

Full many a pang shall wring thy heart,
And many a joy shall gild thy days ;
In sorrow bravely bear the smart,
In times of joy give God the praise.

Ne'er think, though humble be thy lot,
Thou art below thy Father's care—
His promises are ne'er forgot,
And he has “ number'd every hair.”

God and his angels mark thy way ;
Life is probation—do thy best ;
Strength shall be equal to thy day,
And thou shalt be God's welcome guest.

A NEW VERSION OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

WRITTEN ON THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

I'LL tell you what's the matter, boys,
 There's lots of fun and glory,
 Uncle Sam has been and gone
 And married Queen Victoria.

Bluff Johnny Bull was there in state,
 And gave away the bride, sir,
 And Jonathan was there, of course,
 And many more beside, sir.

Miss Canada was at the feast,
 And this was her opinion :
 " 'Twould prove a very happy match"—
 Long live the New Dominion !

Though in their young and foolish days,
 They had some lovers' quarrels,
 The *Anglo-Saxon race are one*
 In liberty and morals.

Let the old wrong and grievance sleep ;
 'Tis past, we'll never mind it ;
Bury the hatchet, boys, so deep
That Satan can not find it.

Henceforth in peace and harmony,
 Together let us pull, sir ;
 Hurrah for *Brother Jonathan*,
 Hurrah for *Johnny Bull*, sir.

The "flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,"
The "stars and stripes," invincible,
Alike on land and seas,

Shall float together round the world,
A glorious beacon light, sir,
To nations still in darkness,
And we'll battle for the right, sir.

Hosanna, boys! our Union flag
Shall never more be furled,
Till all shall hail the "Prince of Peace,"
And love embrace the world.

JOHN BROWN.

ONCE more old Winter tramps around,
With well-clad feet the frozen ground;
A chilling blast fierce Boreas blows,
And fills the vales with drifted snows.
Fiercer and colder comes the blast;
"The gloomy night is gathering fast."
Now let us to our cot retire;
Shut close the door, pile up the fire;
Come, bring a chair and sit you down,
And let us talk of old "John Brown;"
Of "old John Brown" and Harper's Ferry—
A tale it is more sad than merry.
"And pray, sir, who is 'old John Brown?'
Is he some hero of renown?"
"John Brown, sir, was an outlaw brave,

But now, he fills a traitor's grave."
 Alexander, Philip's son,
 Many battles fought and won ;
 Pompey the Great, and Cæsar, too,
 Mighty kingdoms overthrew,
 And many famous men beside,
 In ancient times spread ruin wide ;
 Princes and kings before them bowed,
 Rivers of blood around them flowed !
 And to add lustre to their reigns
 Whole nations groan'd in servile chains.
 They gloried in a conqueror's name,
 And thus achieved a deathless fame ;
 And we have modern heroes, too—
 Such men as fought at Waterloo,
 In Florida and Mexico,
 And some are living now, I trow ;
 But old John Brown, with his small band,
 Has built his fame upon the sand !
 What though he whipp'd the " Chivalry,"
 He never fought for *slavery* ;
 He rais'd his arm to *free the slave*,
 And now he fills a *traitor's grave* !
 " Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell ;"
 Another shriek, old man, shall ring thy knell !
 'T is done—thy dust should dwell
 With valiant rebels, such as Tell ;
 With Sidney, Hampden, Wallace, too,
 Who Freedom's sword all freely drew—
 Who haughty tyranny defied ;
 Who fought, and bled and died—in vain ?
 No, *Liberty shall rise again* !
 John Brown, thou fill'st a traitor's grave,
 But *Freedom's flag shall o'er it wave*.

THE NEARER THE BONE THE SWEETER THE
MEAT.

'Tis jolly, when plenty is crowning the board,
And fortune is flinging the gifts at your feet,
And time, as he passes, increases your hoard,
But the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.

Satiety, sickness and luxury falls,
Prosperity often is only a cheat,
But when sharpen'd by labor keen appetite calls,
If there's aught on the bone how sweet is the meat.

I ask not for riches, for fame or for power ;
I envy no mortal his splendid estate ;
Content in a cottage with peace for my dower,
Though coarse be the fare, if there's *something* to eat.

Near seventy years I have feasted on life,
And the chunk that is left is pretty close to the bone,
But with half a score bairns and a bonnie sweet wife,
I guess I'll feast on till the remnant is gone.

And then to crown all, there's a prospect ahead,
When at length I shall burst from this mortal control,
I may sit down and rest and eat heavenly bread,
“ Where the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

SIX FEET BY TWO.

Six feet by two, six feet by two—
Well, I reckon that'll do ;
It makes a roomy, full-sized grave,
And all that kings and heroes have,

Unless they're tall, like John of Gaunt,
And then 'tis likely that they'll want
(Like other giant men of yore)
Twelve or fifteen inches more.

But 'tisn't much, at any rate,
Man wants for his last estate ;
Ten thousand acres he may have,
And still ten thousand acres crave

While living. When the hurly-burly's o'er,
And the grasping hand can grasp no more,
Then a very little spot
Suffices for his final lot.

Six feet by two—there's room enough
To tumble in a lot of stuff
Beside the corpse : ambition, pride,
Honors, for which in vain he sighed ;

His party politics, his vote,
His seat in the Wittenagemote,
His empty wallet, all life's ills,
Doctors' prescriptions, gallipots and pills ;

His broken promises, his good intention,
And lots of other things too numerous to mention ;
Tumble them in, there's room enough—'t will do ;
Aye, ample space for all, in six by two.

SUNSET.

WRITTEN BY MRS. MARY P. KNOWLES.

I WATCH'D the sun as he sunk to his rest,
Till his last rays tinted the golden west ;
And still I gaz'd, for my soul was fraught
With deep but calm and solemn thought.

I thought of the brightness, glory and power
Of his morning beams and at mid-day hour,
And now, when nobly his course he had run,
Gently retir'd, for his work was done ;

And a prayer arose within my breast :
“ My God, thus peacefully may I rest
When I have fought the fight of faith,
Commending my soul to thee in death ;

“ More glorious, then, again shall I rise
To join the seraphic choir in the skies,
And in one everlasting day shall raise
Sweet songs to my great Redeemer's praise.”

RESPONSE TO “SUNSET.”

BY W. KNOWLES.

YES—let the hallelujahs rise
And fill with joyful praise the skies ;
Another saint has gone to rest,
Her great Redeemer's power confess'd.

Oh sing “ The Conqueror ” again,
He whom the tyrant could not chain ;
Who liv'd, who died, who rose for thee,
And “ captive led captivity ! ”

When I have passed the stormy sea
Of life and death, dear Mary, say,
Oh is there not a harp for me?
May I not join the heavenly lay?

Time passes on with rapid wing,
And soon my warfare will be done,
The evening past with thee, I'll sing
The glories of the "Risen Sun!"

LINES

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP ITALY DURING A
VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

Ho, for England! gaily steer
Our gallant ship across the sea;
Ho, for England! England, dear,
Land of my nativity.

Half a life-time has gone by
Since I left old Albion's shore;
Ho, for England! ere I die
I shall greet old friends once more.

"Ship about!" I hear their voices
Floating on the western wind;
"Mother, when is father coming?
Why did he leave us behind?"

A dozen silver cords are fasten'd
To my heart, and draw me back;
Helmsman, put the ship about!
Captain, take another tack!

All in vain ! our good ship steers
Onward, eastward, o'er the main ;
I must see old England's shore
Ere I can get back again.

O Thou, who rulest all creation ;
At whose command the waves are still ;
Give me grace, and strength, and wisdom—
Give submission to Thy will.

Bless the wife thy goodness gave me,
Bless the children thou hast given ;
If we meet no more on earth,
May I greet them all in heaven.

Ho for England ! quickly steer
Our gallant ship across the main ;
Let me grasp the hands of friends,
Then swiftly bear me home again.

LINES

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE "WYOMING," ON MY PASSAGE
FROM ENGLAND.

ONCE more our ship the ocean braves,
Again I ride the crested waves ;
Westward we go, away, away !
To hail fair young America.
Thou, who controllest earth and sea,
Ruler of man's destiny,
Guide us through the ocean's foam ;
Let me taste the joys of home ;
Press to my heart my bonnie wife
And children dear, my second life.

"From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 Keep them, O! keep them, King of Kings!
 Beneath thy own almighty wings."
 I love the vales that lie between
 My native hills of living green;
 I love her pastures and her fields,
 Each simple plant the woodland yields—
 Her rocks, her rivers and her soil;
 Her blooming daughters, sons of toil;
 Her quaint old homesteads, castle halls;
 Her ruin'd ivy-mantled walls,
 And thousand other beauties round,
 That make it all enchanted ground.
 I love her cosy, rustic bowers,
 The graceful ferns and fragrant flowers;
 I love her green, secluded lanes;
 I love her ancient, sacred fanes;
 I love the hearts that mingle there
 In grateful praise and fervent prayer.
 England, farewell! The mighty spell
 That binds me to my native land—
 Home of the free—can only be
 Dissolv'd by death's all-potent wand.

AN "OLD, OLD TALE" (TAIL?).

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A "PRINTER'S DEVIL."

DEDICATED TO "THE FUNNY MEMBER FROM NEW YORK."

The Devil ask for poetry!

Why, what a strange request is this!
 Harmonious numbers can not pierce
 The bottomless abyss!

There universal discord reigns,
And naught but sounds of woe resound;
Horror, and grief, and wild despair
Fill all the dark profound.

The "light of other days," alas!
They ne'er shall know again,
Who fought with Satan and who share
His never-ending pain.

While thus half slumbering by the fire,
I mus'd the matter o'er;
I heard, or perhaps I dreamt I heard,
A knocking at the door.

Some friend, I thought, for leave to enter,
Need not be repeated;
Before I well could say "come in,"
The gentleman was seated.

He blandly smil'd, and really seem'd
A fascinating creature;
He knew me well, and seem'd as though
He knew all human nature.

He glibly talk'd of politics;
How liberty is bought and sold;
Of steam, of commerce, and of ships,
Of printers and of gold.

He asked "what news there was in town?"
Any cases of small-pox?
If corn and pork was up or down,
And when we last had seen Sam Cox.

I thought I'd seen his face before,
But could not recollect his name,
And to inquire I still forbore,
But merely asked him "whence he came?"

"Why, up the river, my dear sir,
Right from the Gulf of Mexico."
(And then the fire began to stir)
"I don't much like your frost and snow."

"Cuba's the place for me," he cried,
"It suits my constitution well."
"Indeed," said I, "if you've been there
Perhaps you have some news to tell?"

Says he (and gave a knowing wink),
"There's something brewing in the air ;
(And then I heard the money chink)
They best succeed, you know, who dare."

Who cares for Russia, France or Spain,
Or poor old silly Johnny Bull?
We've licked him twice, and can again—
Aye, give them all a belly-full !

"Remember, sir," I just began ;
"Ahab of old and Jezebel—"
"We want it, sir !" he thunder'd out ;
"And that's our motto, sir, *in hell*."

I started and cast down my eyes,
And as he turn'd his chair about,
I saw beneath his ample cloak
An ugly cloven foot stick out.

My pulse stood still, and o'er my heart
There crept a cold and mortal dread,
For as I rais'd my eyes again,
Lo, horns were growing on his head !

Next a huge pair of wings I spied ;
 "Satan, avaunt!" I frenzied cried ;
 At once the door flew open wide.
 He darted forth and clapped his wings,
 And high into the air he springs.

Then through the darkness of the night
 (His forked tail stuck out so bright
 I watch'd him by its lurid light),
 His fiery course he kept right on
 In a bee-line for Washington.

SEQUEL TO "AN OLD, OLD TALE."

RAP-TAP-TAP-TAP! "Oh, Lord! Who's
 there?"

Cried I, as I kick'd down my chair—
 For I had nervous grown of late,
 Had nail'd a horse-shoe on my gate,
 And, at th' approach of candle-light,
 Barr'd every door and window tight,
 To keep out ugly visitors. Rap! tap! "Who
 knocks?"

"A traveler, sir; your friend, Sam Cox—
 Open the door, good sir, I pray."
 I did so, just a little way,
 And look'd him down from top to toe,
 To see if *all was right*, you know,
 Then let him in, and took his hat,
 Placed him a chair, and down he sat.
 "I'm glad to see you, Samuel:
 I hope your family is well."

- "They were, sir, I rejoice to say,
When I left them yesterday."
- "Pray, what's the news in Washington?
How is Congress getting on?"
- "Well, there's not much doing there,
Or else I should not now be here ;
In fact, there is so much division
We seldom come to a decision ;
The country's almost at a stand ;
To prosper, sir, we must expand.
I want my namesake, 'Uncle Sam,'
To take another little farm ;
There's a snug one, almost in view,
And full of 'likely niggers,' too ;
The soil and climate's very fine,
And then the water-power is prime ;
Besides, they have the '*sweetest town*'
The 'setting sun' e'er shone upon ;
Indeed, sir, 't is a fine estate—
We must have that at any rate.
You recollect, some years ago,
We got a slice of Mexico ;
Decidedly it would be best
That we should soon have all the rest ;
I hope, too, at no distant day,
We shall have South America ;
Our energies must have more play—
We can't be cramp'd up in this way."
- "I think, sir," I rejoin'd, "that now
We have more land than we can plow,
And if we make our farm so wide
We can not fence it well outside,
And as our friends don't want to sell,
Pray, don't you think 't would be as well
To improve what we've already got,

And be contented with our lot?
The fable says that ‘ Once a dog,
Crossing a stream upon a log,
With a piece of meat so nice and fat ’ ”—
“ Tut, tut! do n’t bore me, sir, with that ;
You certainly must be a fool—
One of the ‘ old fogy ’ school ;
But I must go, ’ t is getting late—
My animal is at the gate.”
Thus ended all our social chat,
For up he rose and took his hat,
Button’d his coat and out he went ;
I follow’d, out of compliment.
Soon as I saw his “ creature’s ” head :
“ What! Do you ride, Old Nick?” I said.
“ Thereby hangs a TAIL,” cried he,
And jump’d aboard right merrily ;
A smell of brimstone rose around—
I heard a pair of wings resound—
I saw them fly before the gate,
My friend astride the *fiery tail*;
But if they went to heaven or hell,
Good people, it is hard to tell.

THE FLAG OF OUR FATHERS.

THE glor ous old flag of our fathers
Has triumph’d on land and on sea ;
Beneath its broad shadow there gathers
The hosts of the brave and the free.
The glorious old flag of our fathers,
The glorious old flag of our fathers,
The glorious old flag of our fathers
Forever !

The Flag of Our Fathers.

When tyrants once sought to enslave us,
And root up fair liberty's tree,
Our sires shed their life-blood to save us,
And hoisted the flag of the free.
The glorious old flag, etc.

Hosannas ascended to heaven,
When the stars and the stripes were unfurl'd ;
A new constellation had risen
To bless and illumine the world.
The glorious old flag, etc.

No poet can sing half its glories,
The pride of the wise and the just ;
But robbers, and traitors, and tories,
Would trail the old flag in the dust.
The glorious old flag, etc.

The nations with wonder are gazing,
And despots are pale with affright ;
But liberty's fire is still blazing,
And our banner's a beacon of light.
The glorious old flag, etc.

March on, and your children will bless you ;
Brave freemen, march on in your might ;
March forward and gallantly rescue
The emblem of truth and of right.
Hurrah for the flag of our fathers !
The glorious old flag of our fathers
The glorious old flag of our fathers,
Forever !

LINES

ON HEARING A LITTLE CHILD EXCLAIM IN HER SLEEP,
"THOU GOD SEE'ST ME."

YES, my sweet child, thy Heavenly Father
Sees thee still ; His omniscient eye
Beholds thee in the darkness of the night
As in the blaze of day. Ere yet thy infant tongue
Could lisp His sacred name ; ere yet
Thy soft, dark eye beheld the dawning light ;
Ere yet thy tiny limbs were molded into form,
Were all thy members written in His book.
He who bade the glorious sun perform his daily task ;
Who hung the silver moon aloft in heaven ;
Who counts the stars and calls them by their names ;
He saw thee coming in the course of time,
And made thee also for his glory. O, eternal God,
Imprint upon her young and tender mind,
In characters unfading as thy love,
This awful truth : that *Thou art everywhere*.
Thy power, thy wisdom, and thy goodness
Fill the universe. "There is no spot
Above, around, beneath, where Thou art not."
Thou ridest on the whirlwind's furious blast,
And every balmy breeze is full of Thee,
Thou omnipresent God ! Oh, bless my child ;
Look down in pity on her tender age,
And shield her helpless head from every harm.
How calm and sweet she sleeps,
Unconscious of the raging storm without.
The rushing wind rocks our frail tenement,
The dashing rain descends,

To Maggie.

The rolling thunder shakes the solid hills,
 The lightning's flash plays on her infant features,
 And her ruby lip converts it to a smile.
 Oh thus in after life, when trouble comes, when
 storms arise
 (For all, alas! of Adam's fallen race must taste
 the bitter cup),
 May all be calm within—hallow each thought;
 Teach her to live as ever in thy sight;
 And when her earthly pilgrimage is past,
 Then send some bright, celestial messenger
 To bear her ransom'd spirit home to Thee.

 TO MAGGIE.

DEAR MAGGIE, partner of my life,
 My pretty little winsome wife,
 May light along thy pathway shine;
 Long may you live in health and peace;
 As years roll on your joys increase,
 And richest blessings aye be thine.

Much happiness is often sold
 For paltry heaps of shining gold;
 Yet may'st thou ever have enough
 To ward off want, and something more
 To aid the helpless, suffering poor;
 Well used 'tis mighty handy stuff.

May friends prove constant and sincere,
 And drop a sympathizing tear,
 If sorrow should your heart invade;
 And may that power be thy defense
 Whose goodness and omnipotence
 Is over all His works displayed.

In God's own garden nourished,
The dews of heaven upon her head ;
Secure from mildew, blight and cold,
Our little cherub may'st thou see
(Your darling, sweet epitome),
Like some fair flower its leaves unfold.

And when we part, as part we must
(For dust will claim its kindred dust),
And up to God our spirits yield ;
When the great Master views his land,
And the strong reapers ready stand
To gather in his harvest field ;

May all be ready, ripe and sound,
Each sheaf an angel's arm surround,
And borne with joyful songs on high
Among the good sheaves gone before,
Be placed (a rich and precious store)
In God's own garner in the sky.

TO THE LADIES OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

SISTERS, forward ! open wide
The gates of mercy to mankind ;
Forward ! till the mighty tide
Of Adam's race salvation find.

Lift up your eyes ; behold, the field
Is broken by the Plowman's hand ;
Haste, sow the seed, for soon 'twill yield
Rich harvests throughout every land.

Lo ! where China's myriads dwell,
 And Christian priests have scarcely trod—
 Empire of the powers of hell—
 What countless idols mock our God !

See that fond, fanatic mother
 Bending over Ganges' stream ;
 Her drowning babe the waters cover !
 Heard ye not its dying scream ?

Where Ham's degraded children rove,
 Land of the poor and helpless slave,
 Send out the messengers of love,
 And tell them "Jesus came to save."

O'er many a wide and fertile region
 Satan holds despotic sway ;
 Soldiers of Immanuel's legion,
 Tear his impious crown away !

Sisters, send the heavenly manna
 To the earth's remotest bound,
 Till one joyful, loud hosanna
 Rolls the ransom'd world around.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M. HENTHORN.

RELEAS'D from pain, from sorrow free,
 Peaceful thy hallow'd dust is sleeping ;
 Thy spirit's in eternity,
 Safe in thy mighty Savior's keeping.

Then mourn we not thy happy state,
 Though memory still delights to cherish
 Deep in her heart, with fond regret,
 Thy name, thy love, which ne'er can perish.

Though death has power now to sever
The strongest ties that bind the soul,
Can he keep in chains forever
One atom 'neath his dark control?

No, ere long his dark dominions
Light shall enter ; then shall rise
God's living saints, with flutt'ring pinions
Soaring upward to the skies.

TO A LADY. .

AND dost thou ask another lay?
Indeed, I can not write to-day ;
My heart is sad, my muse is mute,
My harp's unstrung, my simple lute
Is out of tune. Oh ! who can sing
When the heart's last hopes are withering?
Can nectar from the upas flow?
Is poetry the child of woe?
Can the strong eagle soar away,
And brave the blazing god of day
With crippled wings? Nay, lady, nay.
Go, ask the happy, ask the gay ;
Bid them strike the golden lyre,
Whose souls are full of youthful fire ;
Whose hearts, exulting in their gladness,
Have never known an hour of sadness ;
To whom the world is fair and bright
With promises of fresh delight ;
Or ask the talented and wise,
Who scorn the earth and seek the skies— ,
They can tell of the joys above,

To a Lady.

Where all is harmony and love ;
 Where trouble and sorrow enter not,
 And the woes of earth are all forgot ;
 But ask not me, whose sun is set,
 Though here in life I'm lingering yet ;
 Cast shipwreck'd on Time's rocky shore,
 The surging billows round me roar.
 Oh, that the winds that o'er me sweep
 Would rock my weary soul to sleep !
 Life and its dreams will soon be o'er,
 Few will the broken lyre deplore—
 Fair lady, I can write no more.

Wake, my slumbering muse, once more, and bring
 Thy sweetest song, for Mary bids thee sing.
 Oh, for some wand'ring minstrel's magic art,
 To touch, to soften, and to melt the heart !
 To bid the wounded spirit seek relief
 In rapturous tears, and taste the "joy of grief!"
 Farewell, ye youthful dreams of earthly bliss—
 The world's illusions are not happiness.
 Ye empty, airy bubbles, which decoy
 Poor foolish man, ye have no lasting joy.
 Oh ! what are glory, honor, riches, power?
 The fleeting playthings of a fleeting hour ;
 Yes, beauty, love, and sacred friendship, too,
 Are evanescent as the morning dew ;
 Like wither'd flowers, pluck'd in their sweetest
 bloom,
 They strew his cheerless pathway to the tomb ;
 Their fairest promise melts in empty air,
 And leaves him naught but heart-corroding care.
 But hold ! I hear a gentle spirit's voice,
 In sweetest accents, bid me still rejoice ;
 Delicious odors are diffused around,

And the glad earth appears like Eden's ground ;
A sweet enchantment o'er the senses steals,
And lo ! the parting clouds her form reveals—
See ! see ! the dear companion of my youth,
Bright as a seraph, beautiful as truth ;
See, how she smiles, and points me to the skies,
And bids me still the ills of life despise.

Oh, blessed Hope ! sweet child of heaven,
That bears our souls on high ;
Thou richest boon to mortals given
Beneath the changing sky ;

Reviving as the vernal wind,
Thou art the breath of life,
And balm of every wounded mind
Engaged in mortal strife.

Thou speak'st from out the raging storm :
" Fear not, for I am here ! "
Though tempest veil the rainbow's form,
The promise still is there.

ON THE DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

WEEP, freemen, weep around his grave,
Defender of the helpless slave,
Who for humanity dared brave
The Southern Chivalry.
All who love, and all who hate ;
The rich, the poor, the mean, the great,
'Tis written in the book of Fate,
Inexorable terms.

The master and his crouching slave,
 The trembling coward and the brave
 Are destined to a common grave ;
 All, all are food for worms.
 But justice, truth and liberty,
 Those glorious daughters of the sky,
 The foes of sin and slavery,
 Are born of immortality.
 Thus trebly arm'd, each freeman's soul
 Spurns e'en the tyrant, Death's, control,
 And Greeley's name, high on the roll,
 Shall never die.

PENITENTIAL.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

OH, Thou who didst the heavens create
 By Thy almighty word ;
 At whose command the rolling world
 In beauty first appeared ;
 Whose glory fills the universe,
 Whose wisdom reigns o'er all,
 In love and goodness infinite,
 Hear me, on Thee I call.
 Eternal source of light and life,
 Oh, lend a list'ning ear,
 Nor let my sins provoke thy wrath
 To cast away my prayer.
 In deep humility I come,
 Thy judgments I confess
 I well deserve, though ten-fold more,
 By my unworthiness.

Yet now, I pray thee, stay thy hand,
Withhold the uplifted rod ;
Have mercy on my guilty soul,
And spare me, O, my God.

Oh, pardon me for Jesus' sake,
Thy well beloved son,
Who triumph'd over sin and death
And man's salvation won.

And may the remnant of my days
Be in thy service pass'd ;
Thy spirit guide me safely home
To thy abode at last.

TO MRS. SUSAN MOREHOUSE,

ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

THE Lord of life hath been thy constant stay,
And brought thee to thy four score years to-day ;
Ev'n from the outset of thy pilgrimage,
His love is written on life's every page.
When youth, and health, and joy were all thine own,
His smiling presence did thy blessings crown ;
When sorrow came, in sad bereavement's hour,
His grace sustained thee with almighty power ;
In all the trials and conflicts of thy life,
Led thee triumphant through the arduous strife ;
His eye beholds thee still : his circling arm
Shall be thy refuge from all future harm.
God ever bless thee, my good, aged friend,
And when at length thy days on earth must end,
May angels bear thy ransom'd soul away
To the bright regions of eternal day.

TO MRS. SUSAN MOREHOUSE,

ON HER EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY.

STILL in the flesh ; still left to testify
That God is good, the Savior ever nigh.
The changing seasons, as they onward roll,
Obey their great Creator's wise control.
In the vast universe there is no spot;
"Above, around, beneath, where God is not."
Search through the world, to earth's remotest bound,
Still universal love is smiling round.
But chiefly man, his wond'rous goodness shows
From lisping infancy to lengthen'd life's last close.
For him He gave his well-beloved Son
That man might live forever near His throne.
Thy earthly spring is past, thy summer and thy autumn fled,
And the last snows of winter settle on thy head.
What then, my friend? These seasons as they roll
Are but the ante-chambers of the soul ;
Another spring will come, where fadeless flowers
Will shed their fragrance in celestial bowers.
We greet thee now, on this thy natal day ;
May peace and joy be yours while here you stay,
And when thy spirit takes its upward flight
(In God's good time, whene'er he deems it right),
May we all meet thee in the realms of light.

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTALITY ! Thou glorious, wond'rous, never-ending
theme !

Astounding thought ! beyond the reach of all created
mind ;

The brightest spirit near the throne of God—
The mighty mind of yonder flaming seraph,
Combin'd with all the adoring hosts of heaven,
May stretch their utmost powers in vain to grasp
A thought so lofty, fearful, solemn, and sublime.
How, then, can fallen man, whose feeble lamp
But glimmers in the socket—how shall he attempt,
With bold, presumptuous flight to soar
(" His heavy wing all damp with earthly dew ")
Into th' eternal regions, and search out
The marvellous mystery of his future being?
Could reason demonstrate, philosophy unfold,
Or struggling science point to life eternal,
The few faint gleams of light which lingered still
In man's degenerate nature could but suffice,
" Like lamps in sepulchres," to show
The awful ruin of his darken'd soul.
Four thousand years did universal night
(Save but in one small spot) o'erspread the world—
God and his glorious attributes forgotten,
And Satan reign'd supreme.
Poor man, created in his Maker's image,
Pursued by hell's foul legions, walked the earth
In superstitious dread, and doubt, and ignorance,
And then went trembling to the gates of death ;
No hope, no light, no life, beyond the grave ;

Helpless, abandon'd, guilty, wretched, lost !
 Lift up your eyes, lift up your grateful hearts,
 Ye wand'ring, fainting, fearful sons of men !
 Darkness rolls back to hell, the parting clouds reveal,
 High in the ethereal vault the glorious morning star !
 'Tis risen, indeed, with healing in its wings.
 Rejoice, oh, earth ! The sacred omen hail !
 Let the glad tidings spread around the world :
The Savior comes ! and God is reconciled to sinful man ;
 Peace to the troubled earth—“Hosanna in the Highest !”

“LAY UP YOUR TREASURES IN HEAVEN.”

GOLCONDA'S mines may yield to thee
 Their richest gems of living light ;
 And India's priceless pearls may be
 Display'd to thy admiring sight—

And Beauty's fascinating form
 And nameless graces may be thine,
 And honor's wreath thy brow adorn,
 And thou may'st bow at pleasure's shrine.

Yes, wealth and beauty, fame and power,
 And youth and love may be thine own ;
 Yet what avails in trouble's hour
 The charm the world has 'round thee thrown ?

Oh, lift thine eyes, thy heart on high ;
 See all the glorious gems of Heaven—
 View them with faith's illumined eye,
 And all their wealth to thee is given.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! may no sad thought arise
To dim thine eye with sorrow ;
The luckless wretch you now despise
Will leave thee on the morrow.

Yet once I had a golden dream
Of love, and bliss, and beauty ;
A light from Heaven, whose cheering beam
Made light the path of duty.

Thy plighted faith I once possess'd,
And fondly deem'd thee mine—
I scarce could clasp thee to my breast,
A treasure half divine,

Ere some fell demon's envious spite
Thy heart with coldness steeling,
Destroy'd my bliss, put out my light,
Quench'd all thy tender feeling—

And left me but a blighted thing,
Forever doom'd to languish ;
No hope to bear me on her wing,
No love to soothe my anguish.

Then, fare thee well, and if no more
In this wild world I greet thee,
Perhaps, in a brighter, happier hour,
Hereafter, I may meet thee.

May truth, and love, and joy, be thine ;
 May richest, constant blessings rise ;
 A light from Heaven around thee shine,
 And guide thee to the skies.

For me—no matter—yet awhile
 I'll bear my load of sorrow
 Alone, and calmly, sadly smile
 When thinking of the morrow.

A VALE OF TEARS.

- “THE world is but a vale of tears.”
 “Why, my friend, so melancholy?
 It's rolled for many thousand years,
 And still 'tis plump and round and jolly.
- “Something must be wrong within.
 Art thou dyspeptic? Got the ‘blues?’
 Thy liver torpid? Out of ‘tin?’
 Or heard some awful, shocking news?”
- “Why, no ; my health is pretty good ;
 And as for news, why, there is none ;
 And I've enough of daily food ;
 But all the world is out of tune.
- “Look on every hand, and see
 How sin and suffering abound ;
 All, all is full of misery ;
 No happiness on earth is found !”
- “Then emigrate—go to the moon,
 Or get aboard some other sphere,
 Where they keep things in better tune ;
 'Tis good enough for me just here.

“ Hold up your head, and be a man ;
Thank God for all his favors given ;
Be happy ; do the best you can ;
And do n't go whining into Heaven.”

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

COMRADES, the battle is begun,
The foe's in front and ambush'd round ;
Be firm and valiant every one—
Yield not a single inch of ground.

We all must mingle in the strife
With foes on earth and powers infernal,
And the battle is for life ;
Aye, it is for life eternal.

You all have read the famous story
Of that mad-brain'd king of yore,
Who, to achieve a conqueror's glory,
Rode fetlock deep in human gore.

All the world bow'd down before him,
Yet he had no self-control ;
Down to hell his passions bore him,
And the wine cup drown'd his soul.

The wond'rous, mighty Corsican,
Ambition's modern meteor, too,
With conquering hosts he led the van ;
The despot's crown was full in view.

(And soon supreme in power he sits)
His eagles o'er the nations flew ;
But ah, the “sun of Austerlitz”
Went down at Waterloo !

Though Cræsus' wealth were a'l thine own,
And all the earth its tribute pour,
And thou could'st wear e'en Plutus' crown,
Would this avail in trouble's hour?

When the pale archer full in sight,
Selects thy arrow from its sheath,
Will then the diamond's radiant light,
Illume the gloomy vale of death?

When the siren, sensual pleasure,
Woos thee with her sweetest smile,
And presents her Circean treasure,
All thy senses to beguile ;

Oh ! beware the strong delusion
That would all thy soul inflame,
Lost in hopeless, dire confusion,
Thou art cover'd o'er with shame.

Sensual pleasure, wealth, and glory
(Th' enchanting cup full to the brim)—
Satan spreads them all before thee
If thou wilt but worship him.

And the foes within are urging
(What a host in ambush lies)—
Evil passions, wildly surging,
Bar thy pathway to the skies.

Up ! and nerve thee for the fight ;
Down, down with every treacherous foe ;
Up and battle for the right—
“ Liberty's in every blow.”

Forward—Charge ! the foe is nigh—
“ *Destruction !* ” is his battle cry ;
See the black flag waving high ;
Thou *must* conquer *or must die* !

“Up and at them!” Ha! receding,
Faint and powerless—dost thou yield?
Where’s thy courage? Wounded, bleeding,
Hast thou lost th’ inglorious field?”

Vain is all thy haughty bearing,
Vain thy vaunting and thy dash;
Self-confiding, rashly daring,
Trusting in thy arm of flesh!

Hark! a trumpet. No surrender!
Rescue, rescue—soldiers stand!
Rally round your Great Defender;
See, our “Captain” is at hand!

Invincible, he comes to save;
“Hail, Immanuel! Savior, hail!”
Fight where’r his banners wave,
And you will not, can not fail.

HURRAH!

Hurrah! hurrah! the ordeal is past;
A glorious battle’s won at last;
Hurrah for Hayes! and Tilden too!
Hurrah for all good men and true!

Up with the starry banner high!
Hurrah for Freedom’s victory!
Patriots, your joyful voices raise—
Hurrah for Tilden and for Hayes!

No more shall hateful party strife
Endanger our lov’d nation’s life;
If freemen to themselves are true,
Nought shall e’er our country rue.

No widow's tears or orphan's cry
Mingle with shouts of victory.
Hurrah! Eureka! it is found—
The freeman's home, on hallowed ground.

Not o'er foreign foes exulting,
Who, our country's flag insulting,
Forced by patriot bands to yield,
Died upon the ensanguin'd field.

Not o'er armies overthrown,
By mad ambition trampled down;
That *one* may sit supreme in state
With cringing millions at his feet.

But *that the love of power and place*
(The curse of Adam's fallen race),
A willing sacrifice is made
On freedom's altar, freely laid.

Hurrah! hurrah! *Brother, your hand,*
Whate'er your politics, we stand
For country, peace, a patriot band—
God bless our rescued, happy land!

CONTRIBUTED POEMS.

THE DISTRESSED HIGHWAYMAN.

(ANONYMOUS.)

AH! family forlorn!

THE sport of fortune, famine, and mankind!
Compose thy grief, Louisa—stop those tears;
Cry not so piteous—spare, O! spare thy sire,
Nor quite distract thy mother. Hapless babes!
What shall I do? Whichever way I turn,
Scenes of incessant horror strike my eye!
Bare, barren walls, gloom formidably around,
And not a ray of hope is left to cheer;
Sorrowing and sick, the partner of my fate
Lies on her bed of straw; beside her, sad,
My children dear cling to her breast and weep;
Or, prest by hunger, hunt each nook for food,
And quite exhausted, climb these knees in vain.
How every asking eye appeals at once!
Ah, looks too eloquent! Too plainly mark'd—
Ye ask for bread; I have no bread to give.
The wants of nature, frugal as she is,
The little calls and comforts which support,
From day to day, the feeble life of man,
No more, alas! thy father can supply,
Hard as the season grips. The neighborhood,
Busied or pleas'd, o'erlook a stranger's woe—

Scarce knows the tenant of the adjoining house.
What thin partitions shield him from the room
Where poverty has fixed her dread abode.
Oh! fatal force of ill-timed delicacy,
Which bade me still conceal my want extreme.
Sooner, alas! will pride new gild her coach,
Then bid the warming faggots blaze around
The hearth, where chill necessity resides.
But must, Louisa, then, our tender babes,
Must they, untimely, sink into the grave?
Must all be victims to a fate so sore?
The world will nothing give but barren frowns.
What then remains? There stands the wretched hut;
I dare not enter. Heaven, befriend them all!
What then remains? The night steals on apace;
The sick moon labors through the mixing clouds.
Yes, that were well; oh, dire necessity!
It must be so. Despair, do what thou wilt!

I faint with fear,
With terror and fatigue. This forest's gloom
Made gloomier by the deep'ning shades of night,
Suits well the sad disorders of my soul.
The passing owl shrieks horribly her wail,
And conscience broods o'er her prophetic note;
Light springs the hare upon the wither'd leaf,
The rabbit frolics, and the guilty mind
Starts at the sound as at a giant's tread.
Ah, me! I hear the horse along the road;
Forgive me, Providence; forgive me, man!
I tremble through the heart; the clatt'ring hoof
Re-echoes through the wood—the moon appears
And lights me to my prey.

Stop, traveler !

Behold a being born like thee to live,
And yet endow'd with fortitude to die,
Were his alone the pang of poverty ;
But a dear wife now starving far from hence,
Seven hapless, hungry children at her side ;
A frowning world, and an ungrateful friend,
Urge him to actions which his heart abhors.
Assist us, save us, pity my despair !
O'erlook my fault and view me as a man.
A fellow-mortal sues to thee for bread,
Invites thy charity, invites thy heart ;
Perhaps thou art a husband and a father :
Think, if thy babes, like mine, dejected lay,
And held their little hands to thee for food—
What would'st thou have me do, wert thou, like me,
Driven to despair like mine? Oh ! then befriend—
Make our sad case your own ; I ask no more,
Nor will I force what bounty can not spare.
Let me not take, assassin-like, the boon
While humbly bending at thy foot I begg'd
Ne'er till this night.

God speed thee on thy way !

May plenty ever sit within thy house !
If thou have children, angels guard their steps ;
Health scatter roses round each little cheek,
And heaven at last reward thy soul with bliss !—
He's gone, and left his purse within my hand ;
Thou much-desired, thou often sought in vain—
Sought while the tears were swimming in my eyes—
Sought, but not found—at length I hold thee fast.
Swift let me fly upon the wings of love,
And bear the blessing to my fainting babes ;
Then gently take Louisa in my arms
And whisper to the mourner, “ happier days ! ”

Hark ! what noise was that?
 'T was the dull bittern booming o'er my head.
 While yet the decent dress remain'd in store,
 To visit my Eugenius like myself;
 Now shame, confusion, memory, unite
 To drive me from his door.

Ah ! cruel man !
 Too barbarous Eugenius ; this from thee?
 Have I not screen'd thee from a parent's wrath?
 Shared in thy transports, in thy sorrows shar'd?
 Were not our friendships in the cradle form'd?
 Gain'd they not strength and firmness as we grew?
 And dost thou shift with fortune's veering gales?
 Dost thou survey me with a critic's eye
 And shun thy friend, because (oh, blush to truth !
 Oh, stain to human sensibility !),
 Because his tattered garments to the wind
 And every passenger more deep betray
 The extremity severe ! Then, fare thee well !
 Quick, let me seek my homely shed again ;
 Fly from the wretch who triumphs o'er my rags ;
 On my Louisa's faithful bosom fall,
 Hug to my heart my famish'd fondlings round,
 Together suffer and together die.

What piles of wealth,
 What loads of riches glitter through each street ;
 How thick the toys of fashion crowd the eye !
 The lap of luxury can hold no more ;
 Fortune so rapid rolls the partial shower
 That ev'ry passion sickens with excess,
 And nauseates the banquet meant to charm !
 Yet, what are all these golden scenes to me—
 These splendid, modish superfluities ;

What are these bright temptations to the poor?
The raven follows her; the dusky air
Thickens each form upon the cheated sight.
Ha! something shot across the way, methinks!
'Tis but the shadow of this stripling tree
That throws its baby arms as blows the gale.
Each object terrifies Guilt's anxious heart!
The robber trembles at—

What have I said?
Robber! Well may I start. O, heaven!
Shall, then, Louisa live on spoil?
Shall my poor children eat the bread of theft?
And have I, at the peaceful hour of night,
Like some malignant thing that prowls the wood—
Have I, a very felon! sought relief
By means like these? And yet the traveler
Gave me what I ask'd, as if in charity;
Perhaps his heart, compassionately kind,
Gave from an impulse it could not resist;
Perhaps 'twas fear lest murder might ensue;
Alas! I bore no arms, no blood I sought.
How knew *he* that? Yet, sure, he might perceive
The harden'd villain spoke not in my air;
Trembling and cold, my hand was joined with his,
My knees shook hard, my feeble accents fail'd;
The father's, husband's tears bedew'd my face,
And virtue almost triumph'd o'er despair;
Yet strikes the thought severely on my heart,
The deed was foul. Soft, let me pause awhile!
Again the moonbeams break upon the eye;
Guilt bears me to the ground—I faint—I fall!
The means of food should still be honest means.
Else were it well to starve.

THE OLD FARM SPRING.

BY MISS RACHEL SIGLER.

OH, choicest water ! purest rill,
 Outspringing from the grand old hill—
 Not roaring sea, or mighty river,
 Higher extols the gracious Giver.
 Here thirst with bounty freely meets ;
 Here Mother Earth unfolds her sweets,
 And pours from her bosom's purest vein
 Kind gifts from God to sons of men.

I view again this cherish'd spot ;
 The years have many changes wrought
 In house, and tree, and sheltering barn,
 In fence and field throughout the farm ;
 But the old spring wears its lov'd face yet,
 As though 't would not old friends forget ;
 And its sparkling depth is pure and cold
 As when I quaffed in days of old.

Same cherry tree, with limbs inclin'd
 O'er stony wall, with ivy lin'd ;
 Fragrant ivy ! Still it clings,
 Forming a curtain, while it brings
 Its tendrils down, like some fond thing,
 Till it drinks again from the dear old spring ;
 While I list to the gurgle and murmur below,
 Where the cattle drank, and old willows grow.

Bright, happy days revisit me ;
 Here oft I came in childish glee,
 Leaping and skipping at merry will

Each stepping stone adown the hill.
 My tin pail fill'd, I sat me down
 To muse—here, on this mossy stone,
 And, leaning over, aptly caught
 Reflection of my face—or thought
 Till mother's voice fell on my ear—
Those loved tones now I seem to hear—
 “Come quickly, child, I'm waiting now,”
 And quickly I scal'd the slight hill's brow.

A happy household band were we ;
 Brothers and sisters blithe and free ;
 Our light tasks done, we knew no rein
 Through fields of corn, or tangled grain ;
 The farm our province—braving toil ;
 Fruit, grapes and nuts our lawful spoil.
 Ah ! these pursuits were childhood's own ;
 But have we ever sweeter known ?
 Our feet have turned to other fields,
 Other resource its product yields ;
 Of friends, and wealth, and earnest lore,
 We have received a goodly store ;
 Our hands, we hope, *some* good have wrought ;
 Pleasures and blessings dearly bought—
 But few have proved like this “old spring,”
 A bliss always without a sting.

FAITH.

BY MRS. S. Z. KAUFFMAN.

BLESSED Parent, how I love thee ;
 How thou dost my spirit cheer,
 And I never can be lonely
 When I feel thou art so near.

Thou art with me in the day time,
Thou art with me through the night,
And doth lovingly preserve me
To enjoy the morning light.

Thou hast been my kind preserver
In the cold and chilly past,
And I *know* Thy kind protection
Will forever, *ever* last.

Thou hast blessed me with Thy visits
In my humble cottage home ;
Thou art with me, ever with me,
No matter where I roam.

Thou the fatherless hast promised
That a father Thou wouldst be,
That dear promise is not broken ;
Thou'rt a father unto me.

Thou hast always kindly watched me,
And when erring Thou did'st chide ;
And Thy tender arm of safety
Is forever by my side.

When with gay and happy sunshine,
Every field is covered o'er ;
Or when gloomy clouds are gathering,
And when thunders loudly roar,

I can lean upon Thy bosom,
Be secure from every ill ;
Thou canst calm the raging tempest
By commanding, "Peace, be still."

For thy mercies I will serve Thee ;
Fill my heart with holy fire,
And when done with life's sore trials,
Let me join the heavenly choir.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF AN UMBRELLA.

BY MRS. E. WALKER.

IN wintry storms or summer showers,
When threat'ning clouds in rain descend,
May this to you a shelter be,
And prove a comfort and a friend.
And may you, through the trials of life,
In peace and safety e'er be borne,
And evermore in *Jesus find*
A rest, a refuge from the storm.

“FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE.”

BY MISS MAGGIE WALKER.

I WILL not fear the path of life,
With Jesus for my guide ;
However great the toil and strife,
He's always by my side.
I will not fear the tempter's power—
He can not do me harm,
For Jesus in temptation's hour
Will shield me with his arm.
I will not fear the darkest day,
When all seems sad and drear,
And earthly friends have pass'd away,
If *Jesus* still is near.
I will not fear when life shall end,
And death approaches fast,
For *Jesus*, who has been my *Friend*,
Will take my soul at last.

DECORATION DAY.

BY MISS SARAH CRAVEN.

O, golden sunbeams kiss away
The tears that night has shed
On the low beds where sleep to-day,
Our country's honored dead.

For—God be praised—the night of tears
And strife has passed away,
And o'er these later, happier years,
Peace sheds the golden day.

No grief we bring, no sighs we breathe,
To greet the victor's grave,
But fresh, sweet flowers, each breast to wreath,
That bled our land to save.

Fair lilies twine with roses red,
Fit emblems, each the sign
Of martyr's souls, of blood they shed
On freedom's sacred shrine.

Above the valiant dead we kneel
And scatter blossoms fair;
And may each fragrant flower reveal
The grateful love we bear.

Long as the flag they loved so well
Shall proudly wave on high,
Fame shall their deeds of valor tell
In words that can not die.

Oh, may the mantle of the slain
On their survivors rest,
That they our rights shall dare maintain
With firm and loyal breast.

And when the Lord shall grant "His own"
The victor's palm to bear,
May we with them around His throne
Heaven's fadeless blossoms wear.

TO DEAR FANNIE.

BY MRS. M. E. MILLAR.

DARLING FANNIE, sister mine,
Love I will those eyes of thine;
They're not eyes of midnight hue,
Nor of deep cerulean blue,
Veil'd 'neath silken lashes long—
Eyes of gray to her belong;
Tell-tale eyes, that oft reveal
Secrets thou wouldst fain conceal;
Each emotion of thy soul
Read I well—they spurn control.
Doth pale sorrow ever bring
To my gladsome heart its sting?
Breathe I in thy list'ning ear
Aught of joy, or hope, or fear?
Read I all my soul would know—
Sympathy for every woe—
Joy, for all that's joy to me,
Fairest hope or mirthful glee.
Love, despair, by turns there reign,
Ofttimes pleasure, sometimes pain—
Of countless wealth, those eyes of thine,
Darling Fannie, sister mine.

WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

BY MISS MAGGIE WALKER.

I'M sick and ill, I can not work for God.

Why am I so?

Why does He lay on me His chastening rod

And lay me low?

They tell me that this heavy trial is sent

By one above,

And yet I thought that He was good and kind

A God of love.

Afflicted one, why murmurest thou? be still,

Thy God *is* good.

This trial is just as needful for thee as

Thy daily food.

Enviest thou those busy, active ones

Who do His will?

Patience, dear Christian! thou canst serve Him best

By sitting still.

Oh serve Him, then, by patience under trial,

By will resigned;

By cheerfully taking each sad lot that is

To thee assigned.

Yes, on a patient sufferer Jesus

Loves to look.

He feels for thee; because of all thy pains

He once partook.

Think it not strange, then, that thou, too, must tread

The path He trod.

But think of this, that each trial meekly borne

Glorifies God.

Try and bear patiently whatever God
 Sees fit to send ;
'Twill not last long, for up at heaven's gate
 Thy trials end.

There is no sorrow there ; no weeping eyes,
 No cry of pain.
In heaven the anguish of the heart will ne'er
 Be felt again.

Then thou wilt see that every bitter trial
 Thou hadst to bear,
Was only sent to make thy happiness
 The greater there.

And then, methinks, with golden harp in hand,
 Thou, too, wilt raise
Thy voice and sing with all the ransomed ones
 The song of praise.

Thy song of praise shall never, never cease ;
 'Twill ever be
Wafting its strains towards the throne of Him
 Who died for thee.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MISS MAGGIE WALKER.

OH ! do not think that all the work
 Which you do every day
Is useless toil, or wasted time,
 Or labor thrown away.

O, no, dear child, it is the work
 Which God has given to thee,
And all the time you're doing it
 He says, " Do it for me."

Little Things.

Sometimes your work may seem to you
So very, very small;
Perhaps it is, but yet your God
Takes notice of it all.

Your little work could never come
To you all by itself;
Oh, no, that little work was sent—
'T was sent by God himself.

He knows that you can serve him best
By doing little things,
And if they're done for him alone
What happiness it brings!

But if, sometimes, these little things
Seem hard to you to do,
Remember that it is the work
Which God has given to you.

And try to do it cheerfully,
Whatever it may be,
For then you'll hear your Savior say,
"Ye have done it unto me."

And when you've finished all the work
Which God to you has given,
He'll find you for a better work,
A *higher* work in heaven.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

BY MISS MAGGIE WALKER.

A MAN was once for murder caught,
Before a Judge that man was brought,
And then the words rang through the court,
“Found guilty.”

Before the Judge I, too, must stand,
For sins as countless as the sand;
Shall I be filled with horror, and
“Found guilty?”

Oh! if my God should look at me,
And all my sin and misery see,
I know, I feel, that I should be
Found guilty.

But since he looks at Jesus' blood,
And finds I'm washed in that great flood,
He sees, *through Jesus, that I'm good,—*
“Not guilty.”

O, God! in that great judgment day,
May all my sins be washed away,
So that *thou canst not* to me say,
Thou'rt guilty.

O, look upon my dying Lord!
Think how his blood was once outpoured,
And speak that reassuring word—
“Not guilty.”

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